

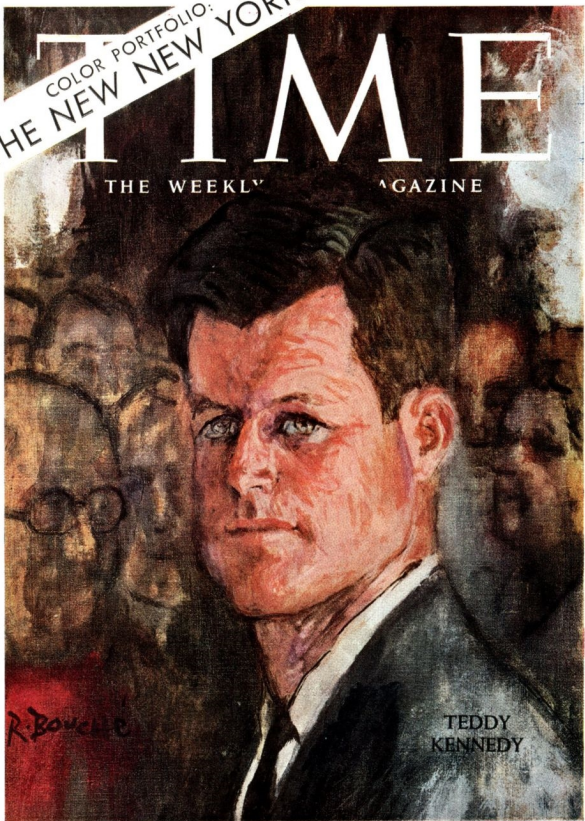
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

SEPTEMBER 28, 1962

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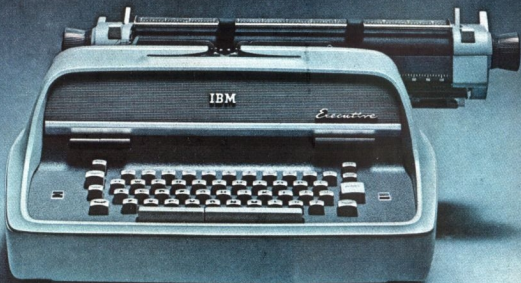
THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE



TEDDY
KENNEDY

VOL. LXXX NO. 13

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TIME
September 28, 1962

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Volume LXXX
Number 13

1



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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Yojimbo. Japan's Akira Kurosawa, best known for *Rashomon*, is probably the sole unarguable genius of the cinema who is now at work, and in this bloody and hilarious parody of a Hollywood western he has produced a satire on his species and his century that can stand with the best and best of Bertolt Brecht.

The Gift. A stylistic tour d'esprit that is the most original U.S. movie released so far in 1962. Subject: a creative crisis in the life of a middle-aged painter. Director: a 35-year-old commercial artist named Herbert Dansk. Length: 40 minutes. Production cost: \$3,123.17.

Guns of Darkness. Something of a sleeper: a routine south-of-the-border bit that develops into a philosophical thriller of remarkable moral insight.

The Girl with the Golden Eyes. Jean-Gabriel Albicocco's skillful but vicious version of a tale by Balzac.

The Best of Enemies. The funny story of a phony war in Ethiopia, starring David Niven and Alberto Sordi.

War Hunt. The unfunny story of a real war in Korea, starring John Saxon.

Money, Money, Money and how to make it—without getting caught. France's Jean Gabin makes a charming fiscalwag.

A Matter of WHO. Agent Terry-Thomas of the World Health Organization in a cloak-and-needle WHOdunit about viruses and villains.

Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man. A charming, romantic study of the youthful Hemingway, as he saw himself in the Nick Adams stories: a boy who couldn't go places until he had cut the apron strings.

Bird Man of Alcatraz. Burt Lancaster gives his finest performance as a murderer, condemned to a life behind bars, who finds peace in the study of birds.

Ride the High Country and Lonely Are the Brave are off-the-beaten-trail westerns about men who seek the brotherhood of man in the motherhood of nature.

The Concrete Jungle. A sophisticated British thriller in which some of the best lines are written for a saxophone.

The Notorious Landlady. A silly summer shocker with Kim and Lemmon.

Lolita. A baby-satyr (James Mason) and a pseudonymph (Sue Lyon) are featured in this witless wonder that resembles no book of Nabokov.

TELEVISION

Wed., Sept. 26

The Beverly Hillbillies (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.).* PREMIERE of a new series about mountain folk alivin' in Los Angeles, yuk, yuk.

The Campaign and the Candidates (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A look at the gubernatorial campaigns now going on in Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio and Nebraska.

Thurs., Sept. 27

The Nurses (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). PREMIERE of a new series about young women in white. This episode explores the drama of the maternity ward.

* All times E.D.T.

Fri., Sept. 28

Bell & Howell Close-Up (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The first fall program in this excellent series, a study of the Russian educational system, was filmed in the Soviet Union.

I'm Dickens . . . He's Fenster (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). PREMIERE of a new comedy series about two carpenters.

The Jack Paar Show (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Tune in to see if Jack is still there.

Eyewitness (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The top news story of the week.

Sat., Sept. 29

Football (CBS, starting at 4:30 p.m.). Notre Dame v. Oklahoma.

The Jackie Gleason Show: The American Scene Magazine (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). PREMIERE of The Great One's new show—variety, comedy, music—marking the return of such characters as Reggie Van Gleason and the birth of some new ones.

Sun., Sept. 30

Lamp Unto My Feet (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). Examples from the work of the late Belgian playwright Michel de Ghelredode.

Issues and Answers (ABC, 3-3:30 p.m.). The record of the 87th Congress is discussed by House Speaker McCormack and Senate Whip Humphrey.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A look at Hungary as it is now, six years after the crushed revolution. Repeat.

Candid Camera (CBS, 10-10:30 p.m.). The program has commissioned William Saroyan to write a one-act play; then film crews have gone out, using the candid camera technique, to test the situation in real life.

Show of the Week (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). This episode documents the extraordinary work of Rescue Company One, a group of New York firemen who handle unusual blazes.

The Voice of Firestone (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Guests: Cesare Siepi, Risé Stevens, Mischa Elman, Sally Ann Howes.

Howard K. Smith, News and Comment (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Analysis of the week's key news developments.

Mon., Oct. 1

Stoney Burke (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). PREMIERE of a new series about a bronco-busting champ.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Tonight's subject: "Highway Robbery," the alleged misuse of federal funds in the interstate-highway program.

The Tonight Show (NBC, 11:15-11 a.m.). Johnny Carson's first night in Jack Paar's size 17 quintuple A shoes.

Tues., Oct. 2

Combat (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). PREMIERE of a new series about the U.S. infantry in Europe in World War II.

The Jack Benny Program (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Guest Frank Sinatra Jr., making his network TV debut.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Letters from the Earth, by Mark Twain. A long-suppressed assault on religion that demonstrates the author's humor at its savage, scatological best.

The Shattered Glass, by Jean Ariss. A

flawed but beautifully rendered novel of love between two matrimonial losers who find the courage to love and lose again.

Boswell's Journal of a Tour of the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, edited by Frederick A. Pottle and Charles H. Bennett. This latest-to-be-edited volume of Boswell's journal cannot deepen the portrait of Johnson, but Boswell's entertaining chatter continues delightfully as he describes the doctor, a great bag of prejudice and conversation set atop a tiny horse, clambering over the wet Scottish islands.

The Death of the Adversary, by Hans Keilson. In this dark novel, the author, a German Jew, tries with some success to unthread the fabric of hate: Why did the Germans, Jew and Gentile, acquiesce so passively in Hitler's crime of Jewish extermination?

The Birds of Paradise, by Paul Scott. A novel of growing up in India, where life in the waning days of the British Empire was hypocritical, harsh, and always wonderfully mysterious.

The Blue Nile, by Alan Moorehead. The author supplies a skillfully written companion volume to his excellent popular history *The White Nile*, tracing the trading and war making along the Nile's shores from the 18th century to the present.

Big Mac, by Erik Koh. When a great whale is dragged into Belgrade, everyone pays obeisance to it in this hilarious spoof of conformity.

Unofficial History, by Field Marshal the Viscount Slim. A leathery British general gallantly pays tribute to the grit and gusto of friends and enemies alike in these stirring memoirs of this century's great wars.

The Inheritors, by William Golding. Neanderthals battle Homo sapiens and the future looks bleak indeed in this gripping novel about the beginning of mankind.

The Reivers, by William Faulkner. A last sunny romp through the usually tragic-dark acres of Yoknapatawpha County.

The Scandalous Mr. Bennett, by Richard O'Connor. A diverting chronicle of fabled New York *Herald* Owner James Gordon Bennett Jr., whose eccentric doings were calculated to raise both his paper's circulation and his own blood pressure, and did.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Ship of Fools**, Porter (1, last week)
2. **Youngblood Hawke**, Wouk (2)
3. **Uhuru**, Ruark (6)
4. **The Reivers**, Faulkner (7)
5. **Dearly Beloved**, Lindbergh (5)
6. **The Prize**, Wallace (3)
7. **Another Country**, Baldwin (4)
8. **Hornblower and the Hotspur**, Forester (8)
9. **Portrait in Brownstone**, Auchincloss
10. **The Agony and the Ecstasy**, Stone (10)

NONFICTION

1. **The Rothschilds**, Morton (1)
2. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (2)
3. **Travels with Charley**, Steinbeck (5)
4. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps**, Hudson (3)
5. **Sex and the Single Girl**, Brown (4)
6. **Who's in Charge Here?**, Gardner (6)
7. **The Guns of August**, Tuchman
8. **One Man's Freedom**, Williams (9)
9. **Men and Decisions**, Strauss
10. **Vecek—as in Wreck**, Vecek (7)

LETTERS

Monroe v. Castro

Sir: Re cover story, "The Durable Doctrine" [Sept. 21]: my compliments to the writer and the editors of this absorbing exposition of the origins and primary significance of the Monroe Doctrine and its relationship to the present Cuba situation.

If nothing else, it should stimulate national pride and impress all readers with the intellectual integrity, foresight and fortitude of our forefather leaders, who produced the Declaration, the Constitution and a doctrine of high purpose to put our country onto the path to greatness, on which we now seem to be walking with such faltering steps.

DOUGLAS L. REHLAENDER
Orchard Park, N.Y.

Sir: Oh, the anomaly of it all! In 1823 we dauntlessly announced the Monroe Doctrine at a time when we possessed the will, but lacked the power, to enforce it. Now, possessing awesome power, we lack even the will to reaffirm it, much less to enforce it.

In the century of its existence as a unilateral doctrine, Great Britain and its fleet successfully defended it. But now that it has been multilateralized and has 20 American republics to defend it, it has become a dead letter.

Your story on the Monroe Doctrine detailed these anomalies nicely, and showed the Cuban situation to be what it really is: a microcosm of all our cold war frustrations.

RICHARD N. WINFIELD
New York City

Sir: Why all the panic about the Soviet buildup in Cuba? Considering the fact that the U.S. has missile, bomber and military advisory groups stretching from England to Iran and from Okinawa to Southeast Asia, it is little wonder that the Soviets are anxious to get a little foothold of their own in "our" hemisphere.

DEANE R. BRANDON
Kodiak, Alaska

Sir: All our finely worded doctrines, charters, manifestoes and reports have only served to implement Mr. K.'s inch-by-inch plan for conquest. If Mr. Kennedy doubts this, then let him inquire of Nehru how fast—and easily—a border can disappear.

(MRS.) JOAN CONBOY
St. Johnsville, N.Y.

Sir: If Russia can build a wall around East Berlin, surely the U.S. has every right to "throw a naval blockade" around Cuba.

FANZIA SHIEKH
Lahore, West Pakistan

Sir: When you tally the supporting voices, add mine to yours. Let's get the job done by Cuba ourselves, once and for all. And even recentment are not enough to contain encroaching Communism; traditional American action is long overdue. I'll wager the consequences will not be as dire as predicted.

S/SGT. CALVIN D. REAM
U.S.A.F.
Armed Forces Police Detachment
New Orleans

Sir: However much you may consider the Cubans misguided, you must admit that Dr. Castro's government still retains the support

of the majority of the populace. How else could he survive when he has armed the whole nation? To suggest "liberating" Cuba under these circumstances is to justify the Russian "liberation" of Eastern Europe, and to make utter nonsense of any American talk of upholding freedom.

Even from the narrow point of view of U.S. security, an invasion of Cuba would be a spectacular blunder. TIME lists several Caribbean nations as being covertly in favor of such an action. But what of the other American countries that really count? Are Brazil, Mexico and Canada calling for an attack on Cuba? On the contrary, such an action would quite possibly shatter the OAS forever and provoke Canada into withdrawing from both NORAD and NATO.

What then would be the gain for American security?

GEORGE METCALF
London

Sir: Why is Fidel Castro to be ridiculed for fearing U.S. invasion of Cuba when he has not only the Bay of Pigs to point to, but also the helliose words of U.S. Senators, Representatives, and much of the press?

Who can read the documentary history of U.S.-Cuban relations from 1959 to the present and pretend that we have virtuously exercised "enormous restraint"? Why is it necessary to quarantine, if not destroy, Cuba if its plans and accomplishments are so meager and puny?

ROBERT L. BEISNER
Chicago

Sir: The President has promised to "act" only if armed aggression is committed. There is, as he knows, little or no danger of armed aggression against any of these Latin countries at present.

Communism has advanced to its present position of power not through open armed aggression but by subversion and intimidation, and it is by these methods that the Communists will chop down the Latin American structure piece by piece while some Senators prattle about "self-determination" and the President waits for armies to start marching against us.

BURTON DAVIDSON
Islamorada, Fla.

Sir: I am beginning to think President Kennedy believes the American people can be lulled to inaction by a lot of grandiose verbiage, but this only shows how completely out of touch he is with the man on the street. We

are not going to be duped. We are not going to be led down any blind alleys. We are not going to be confused.

We definitely believe the Kennedy Administration was bluffed out of Laos, has bungled in Berlin, and is bewildered over Cuba. We want the line drawn on any further Communist expansion, and we want it drawn now. If Mr. Kennedy can't, two years from now the American people will put somebody in the White House who can... if it is not too late.

ELLSWORTH CULVER
Palo Alto, Calif.

Sir: I have yet to see a better analysis of the Cuban situation than that reported in your Sept. 14 issue. What the U.S. has to realize is that its present attitude toward this problem—caused no doubt by its desire to avoid sharp criticism and undesirable public relations in America—works in a negative way. To the Latin mind, the U.S. stand is a sign of weakness and this opens the door for Communist subversion.

Cuba is a cancer. This malign tumor will continue to spread until drastic surgery is performed. Mr. Kennedy is the chief surgeon and the time to perform the operation is today. Tomorrow the patient (Latin America) may be dead.

A firm stand and positive action on the part of the U.S. will bring only cheers and respect from all American nations.

I. E. CHAMPSAUR
President
Asociación Nacional de Desarrollo Económico
Panama

Wrong Sculptor

Sir: While admiring your color photographs of modern sculpture in Spoleto [Aug. 24], I was sorry to see under the name Germaine Richier and title *Don Quixote of the Forest* the magnificent *King* (1959) by Augusto Perez, who sculpts for my gallery, and of whom I am very proud.

GASPERO DEL CORSO
Obelisco Gallery
Rome

Pioneer Felons

Sir: TIME has done a great service in publicizing the promising record to date of the work-release program at North Carolina state prisons [Sept. 14]. Wisconsin pioneered the idea of permitting prisoners convicted of misdemeanors to work outside their cells at regular jobs while spending nights and weekends in jail.

A few other states have enacted statutes authorizing judges to grant similar privileges

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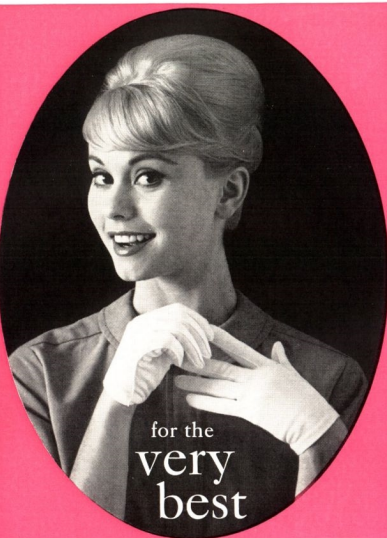
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to jail prisoners. I was fortunate enough to be instrumental in getting such a law enacted last year in Missouri.

But North Carolina, I believe, is the first state where the program has been extended to include prisoners convicted of felonies. The results achieved will be a guide to the rest of the nation.

FRANKLIN FERRISS
Circuit Judge

St. Louis County
Clayton, Mo.

Money & the Ministers

Sir:

Orchids and onions to you.

Orchids because you dare to mention the unmentionable (money) in "Pastoral Pay" [Sept. 14]. Most Protestant clergy are college and seminary educated, the cost of which is similar to that of a Ph.D. or M.D. degree; yet most of these clergy find themselves unable to provide for their children the same education the church demanded for their profession.

Onions because, contrary to the Rev. Marge Wilkes, the church is not like any other profession. The high pay is found only in big churches, and if this is the sole objective of the clergy, then the people in the small churches are second-rate and do not deserve the Word and the Sacrament.

For the small town and small congregation, the Gospel of Christ is severely damaged every time a guy like Wilkes makes his Madison Avenue pronouncements.

(THE REV.) JAMES H. DAVIS

Episcopal Missionary of West Boise
Boise, Idaho

Sir:

That any lay person who knows anything about the work of a minister should say "ministers never had it so good" is appalling to me.

I am the daughter of a minister, and to the quote "If pastors had to settle for a straight salary, you'd hear them crying to Kingdom Come," I have a rebuttal—if parishioners had to pay their ministers an hourly scale wage for the number of hours they put in at their work, Kingdom would Come immediately from that howl!

As to the fringe benefits—what good is a "sure-thing" tip on the stock market if you haven't got enough money to take advantage of it? In any church I've known anything about, the minister pays at least half of that "paid up" pension plan.

And this "stocking the larder"—how many people can use 150 jars of pickled pigs' feet?

(MRS.) MARIELLEN W. PETTRY

Purchase, N.Y.

Melliferous Ev

Sir:

God bless you for the Everett Dirksen story [Sept. 14].

In one article you have combined Americana, politics, patriotism, religion, common sense—a deserved tribute to the inspired leadership of one of our great men who must lead us during the present world crisis.

WALT MARSH
President

Marsh Stencil Machine Co
Belleville, Ill.

Sir:

The words of Senator Dirksen flow like a river current—smooth and with rippled nuances.

It is not necessary for him to resort to extensive arm waving or shoe pounding. He knows the right words to express himself. His



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audience hangs on every word, wondering what gem will follow.

(MRS.) GENOVERA ANDRESEN
Marengo, Ill.

Sir:

My favorite from the melliferous mouth of Senator Ev came out in Senate debate some years ago. Said he: "Let us not imagine this legislation sprang phoenix-like from the brow of Jove."

(THE REV.) RUSSELL C. STROUP
Georgetown Presbyterian Church
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Hail Dirksen, *Magnum Americanus*! Your forthright and inspiring profile of this man should be a great challenge to our youth—the leaders of tomorrow.

Two or three such articles a year—without regard to political party, or origin—would be a great contribution to the thinking of our youngsters.

LEROY E. ROARK

Sarasota, Fla.

Which Church

Sir:

I want to express my appreciation of the excellent article on E.E. Cummings that appeared in the issue of Sept. 14. It is a very sympathetic and sensitive treatment of the life of one of our great American poets.

I should like to point out that Mr. Cummings' father was minister of the South Congregational Church (Unitarian) in Boston and not the Old South Church (Congregational). The Rev. Edward Cummings succeeded Dr. Edward Everett Hale as minister of that church and served until it merged with the First Church in Boston in 1975.

DEAN RICHARD D. PIERCE

Emerson College
Boston

Duck for Dinner

Sir:

I am writing to more fully inform you on a statement made in your recent article on the outbreak of St. Louis encephalitis in St. Petersburg, Fla. [Sept. 14] . . . "Irate residents stoned health department workers who were trying to trap ducks merely to draw a blood specimen for virus testing."

The many pet ducks that adorn our lakes are protected by neither city officials nor the state game commission, hence have become fair prey for anyone who has a fancy to see succulent roast duck gracing his dinner table. The only recourse is for "irate citizens" to protect their helpless pets from these marauders. It is difficult to tell whether a man chasing a duck wants a blood specimen (unheard of before) or a Sunday dinner (a common practice).

(MRS.) JODY K. MORRIS

St. Petersburg, Fla.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

THERE is a lot of talk that the only reason Teddy Kennedy won is that he is Jack's little brother. Not so; he's Old Joe's boy. See THE NATION, Teddy & Kennedyism.

TIME's editors, writers and researchers don't spend much time looking out the windows of the TIME & LIFE Building in Manhattan's Rockefeller Center; too busy with words on paper. But last week staff members were arguing about how many new buildings, completed or under construction, they can see from their offices on the 24th and 25th floors. Best count: 35.

Reason for this study of the surroundings was this week's story and twelve-page color spread on "The New New York." Members of the color-projects staff had been talking about this story for years as they watched New York changing; last spring they decided that this fall would be the time to catch the change at crescendo. Senior Editor Cranston Jones scouted picture possibilities in a top-down convertible; Art Director Michael Phillips, Contributing Editor Kenneth Frosdill and Researcher Rosemary L. Frank explored by helicopter. Freelance Photographer Jim Langley, an old hand at Time color projects (his last previous one: the Air Force Academy Chapel, July '57) and a resident of New York City for most of his

39 years (he owns three brownstones), went away for a week before he started on the assignment so he could see his town with a fresher eye. Shooting from roofs, ledges, helicopters, fire escapes, ladders, I beams and the bottom of excavations, Langley took, in all, some 3,000 pictures. For the best of the take, and a two-page story on how New Yorkers are ever making the old place new, see MODERN LIVING, Doing Over the Town.

EVEN more interesting than the story of John F. Kennedy and Durie Malcolm Bersbach Desloge Shevlin is the story of the story—who started it, why it grew, how it finally came out in the U.S. press. See PRESS, An American Genealogy.

ARE we all about to be poisoned, almost like guests of the Borgias, as Rachel Carson says? Nonsense. See SCIENCE, Pesticides: The Price for Progress.

SAID an angry sailor on the U.S. naval base at Guantánamo, Cuba: "I never thought I'd see the day when in a place 90 miles from the States, Commie guards would keep me from taking liberty." For Time Correspondent William Rademacher's first-hand report, see THE HEMISPHERE, Containment Shuffleboard.

WITH the thought that many readers would like to see some of the best of the original paintings for the cover of TIME, we have assembled a contemporary portraiture show made up of 38 works by 16 artists: Pietro Annigoni, Boris Artzybashev, Herbert B. Block, Aaron Bohrod, René Bouché, Bernard Buffet, Boris Chaliapin, James Chapin, William Dobell, Russell Hoban, Peter Hurd, Henry Koerner, Bernard Safran, Ronald Searle, Rufino Tamayo and Robert Vickrey. The show opened to the public for the first time this week at the Putnam Trust Company building in Greenwich, Conn., under the sponsorship of the Greenwich Art Society. Next stop as it moves across the country: the Higbee Co. gallery in Cleveland.

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THE NATION

POLITICS

In Full Swing

Was it a sight? Was it a sound? Was it a scent? It was all these, and more. It was a national state of mind. For suddenly the 1962 political campaigns were in full swing. With primaries in Massachusetts and conventions in New York, the nominees had been chosen in nearly all the nation's major races. Now the candidates jostled and shouted. Now challenges for TV debates fluttered through the air like autumn leaves. Now came the inevitable pictures of politicians with Indians—or factory workers, or coal miners, or bathing beauties. Now the members of Congress, grinding toward adjournment, looked fretfully toward their home fronts. And now the President of the U.S. took to the stump in his capacity as party leader.

Teddy's Brother. President Kennedy was in fine political fettle. He and Jackie contributed two votes toward an avalanche victory in Massachusetts for Democratic Senate Candidate Teddy Kennedy. Then he flew to Harrisburg to speak—principally for Philadelphia's ex-Mayor Richardson Dilworth, who is engaged in a bitter fight for Governor against Republican Representative William Scranton.

"I will introduce myself," the President

told some 7,000 Democrats at a \$100-a-plate dinner. "I am Teddy Kennedy's brother." There was no pretense about this being a "nonpolitical" presidential trip, and Kennedy struck out at Republicans in a fashion reminiscent of 1960. Said he: "If the Republican Party is charged with wanting to return to the past, with opposing nearly every constructive measure we have put forward, then they must plead guilty."

"It was a cold day in January when this Democratic Administration took office; the nation's engine was idling; we were in our third recession in seven years; nearly five and a half million Americans were out of work—the largest number since World War II.

"All of this was 20 months ago tonight. And were I to tell you tonight that all was well; or were I to say that the 87th Congress had done all the things which we feel must be done, I would be setting my sights too low.

"But the facts of the matter are that progress has been made on every single one of these problems, that the decline in our position has been reversed, and that this country is moving forward again.

"No Congress in recent years has made a record of progress and compassion to match this, and only a Democratic Congress could pass these bills, for they were Democratic bills, sponsored and guided and enacted by Democratic majorities, and in most cases against a near-unanimous opposition of the Republican Party. And that's why this election is so important."

Best Chance. Republicans, of course, would disagree—and before November they would have a chance to voice their disagreement in the campaigns for 435 House seats, 39 Senate places and 35 governorships. It is increasingly fashionable to say that elections are decided mostly by personalities and local issues, that a pleasant smile is more important than a staunch philosophy, that a candidate's stand



KENNEDY IN HARRISBURG*
To some, forward motion.

on sewer bonds outweighs his views on foreign policy. But for all President Kennedy's rosy description of the nation's state, the U.S. does face grave problems abroad and at home. It is in the biennial elections that the American voter has his best chance to help solve these problems.

Polls

► As measured by the Gallup poll, President Kennedy's popularity has been declining since last March, when it reached a high for the year of 79%. In August it had dropped to 66%. Last week the latest poll showed that the downtrend had stopped; now 67% of U.S. voters approve of the way Kennedy is handling his job.

► The latest Detroit News poll on Republican George Romney's bid to unseat Democratic Governor John Swainson in Michigan places Romney ahead, 50.5% to 48.8%.

► Republican hopes for congressional gains in the Midwest are pinned partly on the belief that farmers are unhappy about federal farm policy, now administered by a Democratic Administration. This belief was bolstered by a Minnesota poll showing that only 35% of the state's farmers approve of the way Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman, a former Minnesota Governor, is performing his duties.

* At left: Philadelphia's Dilworth.



A CANDIDATE & FRIENDS
With some, coal miners.



JOE KENNEDY & YOUNGEST SON (1939)
A family where life is a constant contest.

Teddy & Kennedysm

(See Cover)

Edward Moore Kennedy smiled at the TV newsmen who brandished microphones in his face. Had he yet talked over his triumph with his brother, the President of the U.S.? No, but he hoped to shortly. Had he talked to his other brother, the U.S. Attorney General? No, but he hoped to shortly. Had he talked to his father, Joseph P. Kennedy? Replied Teddy, with the quiet pride of a son who knows he has pleased a demanding parent: "Yes, I talked to him. He was extremely excited."

From Old Joe on down, the Kennedy clan had every reason to be excited. For the youngest of the nine Kennedy children, the chubby little boy who used to wear bangs, had just scored a stunning political triumph. Seeking the Democratic Senate nomination in Massachusetts, he amassed 60% of the vote, humiliated State Attorney General Edward J. (Eddie) McCormack by a margin of 559,251 to 247,366. At 30, and just three years out of law school, he was one of the hottest political properties outside 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Jigs & Japes. Buoyed up by his father's unwavering support, backed by the Kennedy wealth, Teddy also made the best of the Kennedy name, the Kennedy looks, the Kennedy manner. He had the familiar thatch of thick brown hair, the outthrust jaw, the meat-chopping gestures, the flat Boston accent. A voter could close his eyes, listen to the talk of "Cuber" and "Asier" and swear the President was on the platform. But these qualities alone were not enough to overwhelm Eddie McCormack, 39, another affable, handsome Irishman and the nephew of House Speaker John W. McCormack. In the end, Teddy won because he staged a campaign unmatched and unmatchable in its energy,

enterprise and sheer intensity of purpose.

To the blare of a brass band, Teddy marched up and down Massachusetts. His right hand grew half an inch with all the hearty handshaking. He clapped men on the back: "How are you, buddy?" He reduced the crowd to squeals of delight with his rugged good looks. He was able and eager to dance an Irish jig when the occasion demanded. He spoke of the issues in stern, confident tones. He campaigned unabashedly on the claim that his influence would be felt in Washington on his brother's New Frontier. His slogan: "He can do more for Massachusetts."

Against this versatile onslaught, Eddie never really had a chance. Teddy won every ward in Boston, supposedly McCormack's bastion. He even carried Eddie's home precinct in Dorchester, 317-304. By the size and scope of his victory, Kennedy became an early-book favorite for November over Republican Nominee George Cabot Lodge, 35, another smiling scion of another famous Massachusetts family (see box p. 17).

"One Too Many?" But the importance of Kennedy's victory went far beyond the boundaries of Massachusetts. It gave new life to an issue that is certain to echo across the U.S. between now and November. That issue might best be called "Kennedysm"; it springs from the fretful feeling that there are too many Kennedys doing too many things too conspicuously and achieving too much power. Republicans mean to make the most of it. Says Republican National Chairman William Miller: "We're going to take a lot of votes all over the country out of this, because people are going to think twice about the dynasty issue now. It was bad enough making Bobby Attorney General. But even that wasn't the joke this one is. The idea that Teddy is qualified to be a U.S. Senator is ridiculous."

Before the election, political cartoonists ridiculed the Kennedys' massed march on Washington. Cracked Satirist Del Close of Chicago's *Second City*: "If Teddy wins, Laos won't be the only country with three princes." Columnists were critical. "Make no mistake about it," wrote Scripps-Howard's Richard Starnes, "Teddy Kennedy has mortgaged his brother's Administration." Asked Inez Robb: "Don't you think that Teddy is one Kennedy too many?" On primary day, Editor Jonathan Daniels of the strongly pro-Kennedy Raleigh News and Observer wrote: "Whatever happens in Massachusetts today, the implications of Ted Kennedy's campaign will not help the President, the Democratic Party, or the country." When the ballots were counted, the New York Times was moved to rare emotion: "This victory for Edward Kennedy is demeaning to the dignity of the Senate and the democratic process."

Matter of Survival. The Kennedys were acutely aware of the potential peril of Kennedysm as an issue. Jack and Bobby were dubious about Teddy's candidacy from the beginning. Teddy understood their doubts; yet he plunged right ahead. Why? First, because his father insisted. Second, because the Senate race was a challenge—and Teddy Kennedy is remarkable even among the Kennedys for his fiercely competitive spirit.

The Kennedys are famed for their family solidarity, but Old Joe and Teddy have always been especially close. When their father suffered his stroke last year, all three sons hurried to his bedside in Palm Beach, Fla., but it was Teddy who sat up with him all night for three nights, while the others went home to sleep. When Jack and Bobby expressed their hesitation about Teddy's candidacy, Joe laid down the law. Said he: "You boys have what you want now, and everyone else helped you work to get it. Now it's Ted's turn. Whatever he wants, I'm going to see he gets it." What Ted wanted was the Senate. He wanted it as a measure of proof that he could hold his own as a Kennedy. For Ted was the kid brother, and he had to excel to survive in a family where life is a constant contest and victory the only goal.

All Out. "We tried to keep everything more or less equal," recalls Rose Kennedy, "but you wonder if the mother and father aren't quite tired when the ninth one comes along. You have to make more of an effort to tell bedtime stories and be interested in swimming matches. There were 17 years between my oldest and youngest child, and I had been telling bedtime stories for 20 years. When you have older brothers and sisters, they're the ones that seem to be more important in a family, and always get the best rooms and the first choice of boats and all those kinds of things, but Ted never seemed to resent it."

For years, the older Kennedy brothers and sisters have kidded Teddy by insisting that "the discipline was breaking down when you came along." Not likely. Like

the older Kennedy children, Teddy got by on an allowance of 10¢ to a quarter a week, cut grass for extra cash, worked a paper route. There were, of course, privileges unknown to most children; for example, Teddy received his first Communion from Pope Pius XII. But he still got his spankings with a coat hanger. Anything less than an all-out effort, whether in geometry or golf, was bound to bring a reprimand from his father. Recalls Sister Jean, the wife of Stephen Smith, who helps manage the family fortune: "Daddy always said, 'Never take second best.'" Says Teddy with studied understatement: "We felt our father's presence throughout our young lives."

Animal Energy. Under the family's rigorous current-events course, Teddy studied newspaper clippings posted on a bulletin board by his mother, answered her questions at lunch. He laboriously compiled a daily diary that was regularly checked by his parents ("You had to use words you could spell"), and he listened, from the distance of the separate table reserved for the family's small fry, as his big brothers and father staged their free-for-all arguments at dinner about national and world affairs. Nonetheless, Teddy made himself felt. Says Jean: "Even as a child, Ted had a terrific animal energy. People naturally gravitated to him. He was always a leader of the family on things such as whether we would play football or go sailing. You never had to push Ted—you always had to hold him back."

His family's travels took him through ten different schools. Although he was never a top scholar, Teddy managed to follow his three brothers to Harvard. As a freshman, he was struggling along with a C minus in Spanish when, on the spur of the moment, he asked a classmate to take an exam for him. The friend was caught, and they were both suspended. This year,



TEDDY & WIFE JOAN
The family said, "Hold him back."

to forestall the possibility that his expulsion might be used against him politically, Teddy made a public confession of the incident. During the campaign, Opponent McCormack never mentioned it.

Kennedy enlisted in the Army, spent nearly two years in Europe. Honing his competitive edge, he climbed the Matterhorn, entered and won a hobnob meet for novices in Switzerland—the first time he had ever ridden a sled. Discharged as a Pfc, Kennedy was readmitted to Harvard in 1953, banged around in a beat-up Pontiac, excelled in public speaking, earned honor grades in history and government in his senior year.

Significant Sequel. As the latest and last of the Kennedys, Teddy took up another family obsession: Harvard football.* Teddy was big enough (6 ft. 2 in., 200 lbs.) and strong enough. But he lacked speed and agility. To improve his blocking, he persuaded a teammate to work with him for long hours after practice. To improve his tackling, he persuaded Captain Dick Clasy, a star tailback, to serve as his personal tackling dummy.

Kennedy made end on the first team in his senior year and earned his letter. With a covey of Kennedys cheering in the stands, he caught a touchdown pass against Yale that year for Harvard's only score in a 21-7 loss. There was a significant sequel to Teddy's efforts to improve his football skills. At Harvard, Teddy fumed at the fact that Clasy could out-run him. "Dick," he said, "sometime in the next ten years I'll bet I beat you in a race." Last month, when Clasy, now a lumber broker in a Detroit suburb, visited Teddy in Hyannisport, Kennedy suddenly announced: "I think I'm ready for that bet now." Clasy looked bewildered, but Teddy recalled his old challenge. The two marked off a 50-yd. course on the lawn—and Teddy won by two yards.

Go West, Young Man. After getting his A.B. in 1956, Kennedy was turned down by Harvard law school. He planned to go to Stanford, but his father decreed that he should stay in the East. He ended up at the University of Virginia law school, where Bobby had compiled an excellent record. Only an average student,

Joseph Jr. (who was killed over Europe as a World War II flyer) made the varsity squad, but never earned his letter. Jack suffered the first of his back injuries while scrimmaging with the jayvees against the varsity. Bobby earned three letters, made first string in his senior year. He also broke his leg in a scrimmage, stubbornly kept on playing until he collapsed. Back in 1911, Joe Sr. won his II in baseball.

ONCE THERE WAS A RICH MERCHANT WHO HAD THREE HANDSOME YOUNG SONS TO WHOM HE ONE DAY PRESENTED A GIFT OF THREE BOWS AND THREE ARROWS.

"EACH OF YOU WILL SHOOT A SINGLE ARROW" INSTRUCTED THE FATHER, "IN THE DIRECTION THAT YOUR ARROWS FLY THERE WILL YOU FIND YOUR FORTUNES."



THE ELDEST SON FOLLOWED HIS ARROW TO WASHINGTON, MARRIED A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS AND BECAME A BELOVED RULER, ADMIRER FOR THE MANNER IN WHICH HE SOUGHT WORLD PEACE AND SENT TROOPS TO AID.



THE MIDDLE BROTHER FOLLOWED HIS ARROW TO WASHINGTON, MARRIED A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS AND BECAME A LEGAL SCHOLAR, A FRIEND OF MINORITIES AND AN ADVOCATE OF A WIFE TABILL.



THE YOUNGEST BROTHER MARRIED A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS AND JUST HUNG AROUND FOR AMUSE. HE WAS TOO YOUNG TO PLAY WITH BOWS AND ARROWS. HIS OLDER BROTHERS CRIED "COME TO WASHINGTON! COME TO WASHINGTON!" BUT I CAN'T WORK THIS GUN TRUST! SAID THE YOUNGEST BROTHER. STILL TOO UNCOORDINATED TO PUT THE ARROW TO THE BOW.



"WE CAN'T HELP YOU" SAID THE OLDER BROTHER, PLACING THE ARROW IN HIS HAND. "YOU MUST DO IT YOURSELF." SAID THE MIDDLE BROTHER PLACING THE BOW IN THE PROPER POSITION. "IT'S UP TO YOU" SAID BOTH BROTHERS AS THEY SHOT THE BOWS THE ARROWS AND THE YOUNGEST BROTHER ALL THE WAY TO WASHINGTON.



MORAL: NO MATTER WHO YOU ARE IT'S NICE TO HAVE EVERYTHING.



Teddy teamed with Varick Tunney, son of Gene Tunney, to win the school's competition in simulated court cases. Teddy also distinguished himself by winning a beautiful wife. Blonde Joan Bennett, daughter of a New York City advertising executive, was attending Manhattanville College, where two of the Kennedy sisters had gone. Teddy and Joan were married by Francis Cardinal Spellman in 1958. They now have two children, Kara, 2½, and Edward Jr., 1.

In 1958, while still attending law school, Teddy also got his first experience in active politics as the manager of Jack's pushover campaign for Senate re-election. In 1959, after graduating from Virginia, Teddy toured South America, returned to throw all his immense energies into the big-stakes political effort: Brother Jack's campaign for the 1960 Democratic nomination for President.

Teddy was assigned to handle a dozen Western states. Wherever they were, all members of the Kennedy family, friends and followers labored to and beyond the point of exhaustion. But both Jack and Bobby say that Teddy "was the hardest-working one of the whole bunch." He learned to fly, barnstormed by himself throughout the West, landed at strange airports in wind, rain, snow, hail and sleet. He would do almost anything to win delegates or favorable headlines. For the Kennedy cause, he rode a bucking bronco for a respectable five seconds in a Montana rodeo. On a foray into Wisconsin, he made the first ski jump of his life. He balked only at holding a cigarette in his mouth for a sharpshooter in Wyoming.

By the Lapels. In Idaho, Montana, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, Teddy made the townsfolk feel that just as soon as the elections were over he and Joan planned to settle there and find their future. Teddy crossed Wyoming six times, and delegates can recall literally being held by their lapels while Teddy extolled his brother. Says Wyoming Democratic Chairman Teno Roncalio: "He made me get up every

morning and go horseback riding with him at 6 o'clock—and for an hour and a half!" At the Los Angeles convention, saddlesore Roncalio was vice chairman of the Wyoming delegation that gave all of its 15 votes to Jack—and put him over the top for the nomination. In the general election, Teddy fared worse: 11 Western states went for Nixon. But regional Democrats assign no blame to Teddy: had it not been for him, they say, Jack Kennedy might have been shut out.

After the election, Teddy went off on another trip abroad. It was the seventh he had made and, as always, he followed his father's instructions, scribbling down voluminous notes in brown, spiral-backed notebooks. He returned to Massachusetts to take a job as an assistant district attorney for Suffolk County. He accepted only a token \$1 of the \$5,000-a-year salary—like his brothers and sisters, he had



FOOTBALL*
... and the Matterhorn.

ton city council. Twice elected attorney general—the last time in 1960 by more than 400,000 votes—Eddie compiled a solid, if not brilliant, record, particularly in civil rights cases. For Senator in 1962 he was, as much as anyone could be, the choice of the Democratic Party's regular organization, an uneasy alliance of local bosses split by national origin (Irish v. Italian) and geography (greater Boston v. western Massachusetts). Eddie was also the favorite of Massachusetts' intellectual community. Historian Samuel Eliot Morison, Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr (a visiting professor at Harvard), and Harvard Law Professor Mark DeWolfe Howe joined to declare that "Teddy has been aptly described as a 'fledgling in everything except ambition.'"

Teddy could hardly have cared less about the party bosses. To whip up strength, he created his own organization of eager young pros and amateurs. Teddy's first job was to win the party's endorsement at the convention in June. He held out the promise of some postmaster-ships. But his real appeal was to those who simply wanted to ride with a winner. Teddy thought like a winner, talked like a winner, and acted like a winner. He urged delegates to vote for him and thereby "do yourself a favor." The delegates did, and the convention was no contest: Teddy won on the first ballot.

On His Own. But in Massachusetts, the party convention can do no more than endorse. What really counts is the primary, and McCormack, despite his convention loss, decided to fight on. He gave it all he had; already lean, he lost 14 lbs. during the campaign. He was at his best walking alone among the voters, shaking hands and showing his disarming, crooked smile. At dawn, he walked alone into one diner and handed his campaign folder to a man hunched over the counter.

"For Christ's sakes," cried the man, and threw the leaflet to the floor.

"Listen," said McCormack, who was

© With Bobby & Bobby's wife, Ethel.



SKI JUMPING
... and barnstorming

received a \$1,000,000 trust fund at the age of 21—and quietly began planning with his father to become the Democratic nominee in the senatorial election to fill his brother's old seat.⁹

Steady Eddie. It took some doing, Eddie McCormack was much more than the favorite nephew of the Speaker of the House of Representatives. An Annapolis graduate, McCormack finished first in his class at Boston University's law school, gave up a successful practice (estimated annual income: \$40,000) to start out in politics as an elected member of the Bos-

⁹ In December 1960, Democratic Governor Foster Furcolo appointed Benjamin A. Smith II, 46, a Harvard roommate of the President's and a former mayor of Gloucester, to fill the seat until the 1962 election. Last week the President named Smith to be his representative at the October independence celebration of the young African nation of Uganda.



BRONCOBUSTING
Also bobsledding ...

up after three hours' sleep. "I feel just as bad as you do. If I can get up and come out and ask for your vote, the least you can do is vote for me."

"All right," said the man, "I'll vote for you."

At a candy factory in Cambridge, McCormack moved up and down aisles redolent of sugar and raspberry. The women workers all had chocolate covering on their right hands. McCormack shook their left hands and said, "I'm Eddie McCormack. I hope you'll vote for me." Back

came the replies: "I will . . . I will . . . I will." Said one woman: "We're working people, you know." On another occasion, a man assured him: "I'm for you. Ted still vets the bed."

But none of this was enough—and McCormack, a practical politician from an eminently political family, knew it. In desperation, he lashed out. In the first of his two TV debates against Teddy, he launched a savage personal attack against Teddy's youth, his qualifications, name, his slogan. It was all true, but Teddy

never buckled and, in the end, the attack probably got him some sympathy.

Eddie continued the struggle. His small, intensely loyal staff worked round the clock; yet schedules went awry, and Eddie lost votes by failing to appear at the proper rally at the proper time. Hard up for cash, he set his father "Knocko" and his older brother "Jocko" to supervising a tiny group of volunteers who worked throughout the night making campaign posters.

All to no avail. Teddy had it over him

NEW ROUND IN AN OLD FEUD

"I Just Long to Have Him Alone in Debate"

THE feud's first showdown came in 1916 when Henry Cabot Lodge narrowly defeated John F. ("Honey Fitz") Fitzgerald for the Senate by 33,000 votes. In a battle of grandsons, John Fitzgerald Kennedy restored family honor in 1952 by knocking Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. out of his Senate seat by 70,000 votes. In a 1960 rematch of sorts, Democratic Presidential Candidate Kennedy took Massachusetts by 510,000 votes against the G.O.P. ticket carrying the name of Vice-Presidential Candidate Lodge. But in a state where politicians nurse their grudges like old wine, even these family jousts of the past are likely to seem insipid compared to the campaigns George Cabot Lodge, 35, and Teddy Kennedy are preparing to stage in their battle for J.F.K.'s old seat in the Senate.

Tall (6 ft. 5 in.), lean and darkly handsome, George Lodge has a striking physical resemblance to his father. While Teddy was becoming an exverted Kennedy, Lodge was a childhood loner. "I kept pigeons and spent nearly all my free time sailing and fiddling with my boat by myself." In his junior year at Harvard, Lodge married port Nancy Kunhardt, hauled her off on a month-long honeymoon cruise up the Maine coast to Canada in an open sailboat. When a hurricane whirled by, they anchored in the lee of a desolate island and ate clams for three days.

After graduating from Harvard in 1950, Lodge caught on as a cub reporter for the Boston Herald (his father had started out as a reporter for the now defunct Boston Evening Transcript). In 1953, Lodge got a chance to interview Secretary of Labor James Mitchell, asked him 96 probing questions, and was offered a job in the department's public information office.

What Dynasty? In 1958, Lodge moved from Director of Information to Assistant Secretary of Labor for International Affairs. He did such a commendable job that he was asked to stay on for six months under the Kennedy Administration, despite his Republican ties, earned the warm praise of Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg.

To win the G.O.P. Senate nomination, Lodge had to run against seasoned Congressman Laurence Curtis, 69. With ten years in Congress and 16 in city and state government, Curtis sniffed at Lodge's claims of experience. In both parties, said Curtis, "I am the only candidate running on his own name and own record of experience."

In reply, Lodge said he was getting no help from his father, pointed out that "if anything, I come from a dead dynasty." At the G.O.P.'s convention, Lodge won the party's endorsement on the first ballot. Campaigning against Curtis in last week's primary, Lodge barnstormed Massachusetts in a three-bus caravan, won by a vote of 245,000 to 197,000.

Blindness & Buses. In private, Lodge mimics no words about Teddy. "I consider it a base impropriety that Teddy is so blatantly using his relationship with his brother for selfish purposes. What has he done to understand the world



NOMINEE LODGE & WIFE

or Massachusetts? I first met Teddy in Nigeria during a meeting of the African region of the I.L.O. Teddy was there for a day and a half. He talks like that made him an expert on Nigeria. Well, I know what he learned there because I briefed him. He does not know Nigeria. He pretends he does. It's a phony."

But Lodge does not plan to attack Teddy personally during the campaign and thereby risk alienating the independent vote he needs to win. "You can't tell where votes are coming from," says Campaign Manager Paul Grindle, "so you can't irritate anyone. We've got to keep George bland. He can't offend anybody, and that includes anyone who might be offended by an attack on Teddy."

For Lodge to become Senator, his followers know he must beat Teddy at the Kennedy game. Says Grindle: "We're running against a guy who's almost as popular as the President. That's the premise: Teddy's a celebrity. So our big problem is familiarity, to get people as familiar with George as they are with Teddy. We're not using any billboards and not much TV or radio time. We're using the buses, and we can go anywhere in those damned things."

Self-Punishment. Lodge has his own squad of pretty girls, his own staff of bright young men, his own army of volunteers, his own attractive wife, and, for good measure, a household of six children. To get Lodge ready for Teddy, Grindle put him through two grueling day-and-night weeks during the Curtis campaign. They brought on dizzy spells and nausea, but Grindle was delighted that Lodge survived without collapsing. Says he: "George has confidence in himself now that he can do anything he has to do—even when he's totally dead on his feet. The Kennedys have this brutality. They do it to themselves. You can't beat them unless you have this brutality in you."

An excellent speaker, despite occasional traces of a childhood stammer, Lodge hopes to debate Independent Hughes ("to expose him for what he is—a socialist pacifist"), but is looking forward even more eagerly to getting Teddy on TV. "I just long to have him alone in debate. I would like it to be just the two of us and a moderator. Oh, how I would like that." But Lodge is also a realist. Says he: "I'm the underdog now at no better than 6 to 4." Vows Grindle: "We'll campaign 16 hours a day and pray eight."

in every way. Kennedy came equipped with searchlights, drum majorettes, flying flags and marching bands that whipped the crowds into football fervor. Teddy was supreme at the street-corner rally. The sight of an Irish eye would start him singing *Sweet Adeline*—at least until he got word that his flat baritone was losing him votes. Squads of Kennedy girl volunteers, their hair teased to perfection, fanned out across the state. There was no lack of recruits. One woman, picking phone numbers at random, was surprised to find that nearly everyone she called was willing to pitch in for Teddy.

The Living Doll. As Teddy put on the pressure, his campaign scenes became ka-

rimack River, a federal highway in the Berkshires. His message was deadly serious, if not profound. "I think we can get new industries for Massachusetts. I have promised to go out and visit the major corporations of the country, and tell them the advantages of Massachusetts. I have a particular interest in the education of the young people, especially school dropouts, because I think this is one of our great national concerns. I feel as we move through the 1960s that we must have the kind of transportation, the kind of urban renewal, the kind of increase in job opportunities that will make our state grow. I vigorously support a health-care program for our senior citizens that should be

lives," he said. It was South Boston's Ward 7, Precinct 5. Knocko had been Democratic leader there for 30 years. The count was Kennedy 396, McCormack 347.

When the avalanche had run its course, McCormack vowed he would never again run for public office. Without breaking stride, the new Democratic candidate for the Senate began to prepare for the campaign against Republican Lodge and H. Stuart Hughes, 46, a Harvard history professor and grandson of onetime Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, who was running as an independent.

One Man's Family. That was that—for now. But the issue of Kennedyism may well persist beyond November. If Teddy gets to the Senate, he will still have to stand for re-election in 1964—on the same ticket with the President. Nothing could be better calculated to drive home the issue of the Government's becoming a citadel for one man's family. Yet that possibility obviously did not bother the Democratic voters of Massachusetts last week. In fact, they could only regret that Old Joe Kennedy had run out of sons.

The Pugilists

The normally cherubic face of Indiana's Republican Senator Homer Capehart, 65, turned an angry red. His big fists grasped the lapels of his Democratic Senate opponent, sturdy Birch Bayh Jr., 34. Growled Capehart: "Don't try to get away." Snapped Bayh: "Take your hands off me." The performance was a bit too competitive, even for the Indianapolis Athletic Club, and an onlooker rushed in to prevent a fist fight.

The cause of the quarrel was Democrat Bayh's belligerent drive to prevent Capehart from becoming the first Hoosier ever to serve four terms in the Senate. The specific incitement was an issue which seems likely to stir emotions of candidates—and voters—from now until November. The issue: Communist Cuba, and what to do about it.

"Send the Marines." In Washington, Capehart has been as pugnacious about Cuba as any member of the Senate. As a member of the Latin American subcommittee of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee, he has advocated direct U.S. intervention in Cuba. On the stump back home, he urges a naval blockade against Communist arms in the Caribbean, then adds: "If a blockade doesn't work, send in the Marines."

Democrat Bayh (pronounced by), former Speaker of the Indiana House, angrily denounces Capehart as a "warmonger." Capehart, he charges, is "playing politics with the blood of American boys and the safety of American homes." Bayh supports the Kennedy Administration argument that Castro may collapse from economic chaos, cites the Kennedy pledge that action will be taken against any aggressive attempt to export Communism from the island. Bayh's argument is sometimes effective. Acidly commented one farmer: "Sure, let Homer call for an invasion; we'll all follow him when he yells 'charge' and hits the beach."



LOSER MCCORMACK (RIGHT) & BROTHER "JOCKO"
"If this is politics, then I don't want any part."

leidoscopic. At a textile machinery plant in Worcester, Teddy moved eagerly through the din and the smell of hot metal to shake the hands of the men in the foundry. One man gestured that his hand was too greasy to shake. "Gimme that, buddy!" cried Kennedy, slamming his own big hand into the worker's. Then he strode on, his hand black with grease below his neat, white cuff.

Everything went Teddy's way. At one point, a worker buttonholed him and said: "Teddy, me boy, they say you've never worked a day in your life." After an uneasy pause, the man added: "Let me tell you, you haven't missed a thing." Wherever Teddy went, he won the women. The old ones wanted to mother him, the young ones wanted to marry him. "Isn't he a doll!" shrieked secretaries from Revere to Westfield. In Chicopee a beaming group from the Polish Women's Citizens' Club listened to his talk, then rushed forward to chat with him over coffee and cupcakes. Cried Lucy Wisniewski: "I love that Kennedy family."

In his speeches Kennedy pounded away at international, national, state and local issues. He favored a jet airport for Worcester, pollution control on the Mer-

financed under the social security system."

Merciful End. Toward campaign's end, Eddie McCormack was standing almost alone on the tailgate of a station wagon and forlornly pleading his cause: "Look at the record—Eddie McCormack has a record." As Teddy swept on, Eddie turned bitter. "Of course I'm hurt," he said privately. "I think it's unjust that he should even try for the nomination. Two years ago, I led all candidates in this state at the polls. Right now I hold the most important elective office held in this state by a Democrat. Then along came Teddy Kennedy out of the blue. If this is politics, if they can get away with this, then I don't want any part of politics."

On primary day, symbolically, Speaker John McCormack attracted almost no attention when he returned to Massachusetts to vote. But President Kennedy and Jackie drew an excited audience when they helicoptered in from Newport. (Jackie got confused in the booth, had to call on the President for some husbandly assistance with the voting machine.) That night, the end came with merciful speed at 8:32, when an aide handed a slip of paper to Teddy Kennedy's brother-in-law, Steve Smith. "Here's where Knocko

Just a few weeks ago, almost everyone conceded that Capehart, a farm-born Hoosier who became a millionaire phonograph manufacturer before his election to the Senate in 1944, was a cinch to be re-elected. Everyone, that is, but Bayh, who has been campaigning furiously in a white station wagon equipped with fancy gear for making newspaper photo mats and television tapes. Also born on a farm, Bayh was president of his 1951 class at Purdue University, earned a law degree from Indiana U., was elected to the state legislature in 1954, owns a 340-acre farm near Terre Haute. Admits Capehart: "If we don't work we could get beat."

Who's a liar? Capehart is working. Last week he abandoned Washington to campaign in his bull-like voice, beat a fist into a palm, and roar: "There's a hundred ships loaded with Russian equipment on the high seas heading for Cuba. This nation had better act." At a Sigma Delta Chi luncheon at the Indianapolis Athletic Club, the candidates clashed head-on. Bayh claimed that Capehart had drawn \$250,000 in federal benefits on his own farming operation while "trying to reduce the income of farmers," and that he had "deliberately violated" the rules of a Senate briefing on Cuba by disclosing that Kennedy planned to ask power to mobilize 150,000 reservists. "I was not present," interrupted Capehart. "I didn't know what was said." "You certainly did know; you breached the security of the briefings," barked Bayh. "You're deliberately calling me a liar!" shouted Capehart.

Except for the difference in age, it might have been interesting if they had come to blows. Capehart, although pretty pudgy now, was an Army boxing champion in World War I. Bayh was light heavyweight champ at Purdue.

The Lamb Who Won

By any practical, productive standard, New York Democrats could only hope to find a sacrificial lamb to run against Incumbent Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller. Yet during one of the bleatingest, bloodiest party conventions in the state's recent history, four lambs battled each other all the way to the altar. The one who made it: Robert M. Morgenthau, 43, former U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York and son of Franklin Roosevelt's longtime Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau Jr.

Morgenthau had been hand-picked for the nomination by the high priest of Democratic pollsters, Lou Harris, who conducted a survey purporting to prove that Morgenthau stood a better chance against Rockefeller than any other available Democrat (TIME, Sept. 7). President Kennedy approved of Morgenthau's candidacy. So did New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner.

A Bit of Embarrassment. But as the Democrats convened in Syracuse, it became painfully evident that Morgenthau still needed a large vote bloc to win the nomination on an early ballot. And the most swingable bloc belonged to U.S. Representative Charles Buckley, the boss

of The Bronx. This was downright embarrassing: after all, Bob Wagner had won reelection in 1961 on his promise to oust all of New York City's borough bosses, and of these Buckley was the sole survivor.

But first things first. Now, Wagner badly needed Buckley—and Buckley was happy to satisfy that need. Just a few hours before the convention balloting began, Buckley announced that he was throwing all but a few of The Bronx's 110 delegate votes to Morgenthau.

That should have been that. But it wasn't. Inevitably, Buckley's move gave Morgenthau's three active opponents a chance to raise a cry of "bossism." At the same time, it enraged some delegates who had supposed that Wagner really meant it when he vowed to fight to the death against Buckley's brand of political feudalism.

Anger & Apathy. On the convention floor, things got out of control. Heedless



MORGENTHAU & WIFE

of the pro-Morgenthau chairman's efforts to gavel them into silence, hands thumped away, and a milling crowd of angry delegates shouted up at the platform: "We want a free vote!" "Down with the bosses!" "Morgenthau withdraw!" The lights were dimmed repeatedly as the chairman tried to restore order. Finally the voting began, and after two ballots and another near-riot, Bob Morgenthau was the convention's choice. Through all the hubbub, Buckley sat impassively under The Bronx's placard. Said he later: "I didn't hear a thing." That evening, Morgenthau delivered a listless acceptance speech to a hall half filled with deadweight delegates. He spoke with all the enthusiasm of a Georgia sixth-grader reciting the Emancipation Proclamation, and even his ritual invocation of New York Democratic heroes—Al Smith, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Herbert Lehman, Robert Wagner—won only tepid applause.

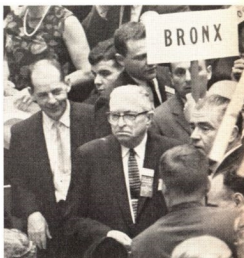
To run against Republican Senator Jacob K. Javits, the Democrats chose James B. Donovan, 46, a stocky, pink-faced, balding political newcomer who negotiated the release of U-2 Pilot Francis Gary Powers, and is currently working for the liberation of prisoners taken by Fidel Castro during the Bay of Pigs invasion. For attorney general, against the G.O.P.'s Louis Lefkowitz, they put up Manhattan Borough President Edward R. Dudley, 51, the U.S. Ambassador to Liberia from 1948 to 1953, and the first Negro ever nominated for statewide office in New York.

THE CONGRESS

Proud, with Cause

If the 87th Congress is remembered for nothing else, it should rate history's honor for having passed a foreign trade bill that at long last releases the U.S. from the shackles of protectionism. The same applies to the Kennedy Administration, which patiently but persistently pushed the far-reaching foreign trade bill through Congress that might at any time have balked.

Last week the Senate passed the bill by a surprisingly one-sided vote of 78 to 8. Already approved by the House, it now goes to House-Senate conference and then to President Kennedy for signature



BUCKLEY & DELEGATES
The swingable bloc swung.

—and he can hardly wait to grab hold of his pen.

The bill offers a real and vital departure for U.S. foreign economic policy. Existing reciprocal trade laws, although considered revolutionary when first passed during Franklin Roosevelt's Administration, have long been as obsolete as the flivver. Economic policy is an obvious and integral part of foreign policy—for which the U.S. Constitution assigned the President responsibility. Yet the reciprocal trade laws allowed the President almost no flexibility. They were studded with "peril point" limitations, dictated by protectionists, that often negated their basic purpose.

No longer. If the new law does not go as far as it might, it nonetheless goes much farther than anyone might have hoped just a few years ago. It gives the President power to cut all existing tariffs by as much as 50%, and to eliminate duties altogether on goods for which the U.S., Great Britain and Europe's six Common Market nations account for a combined total of 80% of the world export market. It also provides for retraining U.S. workers displaced by competition from foreign industries.

President Kennedy had every right to be proud of the foreign trade bill, Said

he: "The new legislation gives us the opportunity to develop closer and more harmonious trade relations with the Common Market and other nations throughout the world."

The Continuing Scandal

By a squeaky vote of 202 to 197, the House of Representatives passed a compromise farm bill, giving the Administration some (but not all) of the controversial production controls it sought in an earlier bill which the House rejected. By 1964 the Secretary of Agriculture will be empowered to set the acreage planted to wheat at whatever level is necessary to maintain the national supply without adding to surpluses.

The House turnaround resulted from a partisan congressional mood brought on by the approaching elections; the bill picked up some Democratic supporters who were irked by the solid Republican opposition. But no one thought its passage had rid the U.S. of its farm scandal. Said Vermont's Republican Senator George Aiken, as he emerged from the House-Senate conference that agreed to the final version: "Well, I can't solve the farm problem, so I'm going over to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Cuba's easier."

The Master Chef

It happens every year. As the time approaches for Congress to vote money for foreign aid, the President of the U.S. must try to find some way of dealing with Louisiana Democrat Otto Passman, chairman of the House subcommittee that passes on foreign aid appropriations. It makes little difference what the President decides to do. For in any event Passman is certain to try to slash foreign aid to the barest nubbin. And he often succeeds.

Thus, in 1957, when the foreign aid program was before Passman's subcommittee, Republican Dwight Eisenhower invited Passman to the White House. Ike meant to use all his great persuasiveness on Passman. But he never got a chance. No sooner had Passman entered the President's office than he launched into a long recitation, flung verbal graphs around the room, polka-dotted the President with decimal points, cascaded the room with statistics. When Passman finally left, the President turned to an aide. "Remind me," he groaned, "never to invite that fellow down here again."

Last week came Democrat John Kennedy's turn—and Passman is nothing if not nonpartisan about his attitudes toward foreign aid. His subcommittee whacked \$1.1 billion—or about 24%—from Kennedy's \$4.7 billion foreign aid program. Passman pushed the slash through the full Appropriations Committee, then through the House itself. The long-term Development Loan Fund (aimed at easing Allies like Greece and Iran into a realistic self-help economy) was cut by more than one-third, defense assistance by one-seventh, defense hardware by one-eighth, the Alliance for Progress by one-eighth, etc. Passman also inserted into the appropriation bill a ban against aid to any country

"whose government is based upon that theory known as Communism." This was aimed especially at Poland and Yugoslavia—and, in these instances, good riddance.

"Still Cookin'." Otto Passman looked upon all his handiwork not as that of a butcher but as that of a master chef. Cried he in response to criticism: "They say if you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen. Well, I'm still cookin'."

Instead of trying to mollify Passman (which was useless), President Kennedy attacked furiously (which may have been equally useless). "It makes no sense at all," he declared, "to make speeches against the spread of Communism, to deplore instability in Latin America and Asia, to call for an increase in American



OPPOSITOR PASSMAN
"I shall not be personal."

prestige and an initiative in Eastern Europe—and then vote to cut back the Alliance for Progress, to hamper the Peace Corps, to cut off surplus food shipments to hungry Poles." The President expressed hope that the "irresponsible action" inspired by Passman would be corrected.

Seven Ps. If the President thought he might bulldoze Passman, he was quickly disillusioned. Taking the House floor in his own defense, Passman said that he had withstood the "unprecedented use" of Kennedy's "Seven-Point Formula." That formula, he cried, is "comprised of the application of Prestige, Personality, Propaganda, Persuasion, Power, Pressure, and maybe Punishment." He deplored the fact that "we have poured the American taxpayers' wealth into dictatorships, so-called neutral nations, Communist-dominated nations." He recalled instances in which foreign aid went wrong. A subcommittee given to Ethiopia, for example, turned up as a private yacht. "Of course, Haile Selassie's enjoying that yacht," he cracked. "I hope to visit with him on it when Congress adjourns." He wondered how the 20-man board of governors of the Inter-American Development Bank man-

aged to spend \$143,358 on a conference in Brazil. "They had a little clambake down in Rio. Man, how I would have liked to have been there."

Passman also quoted former Congressman John Kennedy as saying in 1951 that the U.S. could not afford to raise the standard of living around the world. "I shall not be personal," Passman said, getting personal. "I am sure that the gentleman was sincere." He warned that "you cannot continue indefinitely spending in excess of your revenue. You won't have enough gold left in five years to paint your watches."

With little difficulty, Passman got the House to go along with him. And at week's end all that the frustrated Administration forces could hope for was that the Senate would restore some or most of the cuts, leaving the final compromises to a House-Senate conference. But Otto Passman, who will be a key participant in that conference, seemed pretty chipper about the prospects for achieving the biggest slashes ever in the foreign aid program.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Speaking Out, Softly

Amid rising demands that the U.S. Government "do" something about Communist Cuba, the Senate last week at least said something. By a vote of 86 to 11, the Senate passed a resolution declaring that the U.S., in the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine, is determined to:

- Employ "whatever means may be necessary, including the use of arms," to prevent the Castro regime from "extending by force or threat of force its aggressive or subversive activities to any part of this hemisphere."
- Prevent the buildup in Cuba of "an externally supported military capability" that would endanger the U.S.'s security.

The House Foreign Affairs Committee unanimously voted out an identical resolution. It will probably be passed by the House and signed by the President this week.

"War Hysteria." With the automatism of Pavlov's dogs, Communists salivated with denunciations. In Moscow, Red Star warned that Soviet armed forces "are in a position of highest military readiness to crush the aggressors." A Red Chinese broadcast accused the U.S. of "frantically preparing a new military aggression against Cuba." In his opening speech at the new session of the United Nations, Russia's Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko raged at the "war hysteria" and "campaign of hate" in the U.S., warned of war if the U.S. moves against Cuba.

But the Reds really had little to complain about. The Cuba resolution, as the Senate report on it said, was "firm but not threatening." In effect it went along with the President's contention that the Soviet weapons in Cuba are "defensive" in nature. How formidable the military buildup has become was evident from an official report on what U.S. intelligence has detected so far. It includes twelve anti-aircraft missile installations under con-

struction, eight patrol boats carrying guided missiles with a range of 11 to 17 miles, and some 60 MIG fighter planes. At the coastal town of Banes, 60 miles from the U.S. base at Guantánamo (see THE HEMISPHERE), the Russians are building facilities for launching ground-to-ship missiles with a range of 20 to 35 miles. Since mid-July, the report said, between 65 and 75 shiploads of Soviet military equipment and personnel have unloaded at Cuban ports—and more ships are on the way.

"Nose to Nose." Vermont Republican Winston L. Prouty, who cast the lone Senate vote against the resolution, charged that it "does not even face up to the Cuban problem. It reminds me of the resolve from *King Lear* that goes:

*"I will do such things—
What they are yet I know not,
But they shall be
The terrors of the earth."*

Other Republican Senators, including Nebraska's Carl Curtis and Iowa's Jack Miller, grumbled that the resolution was too soft. Florida's Democratic Senator George Smathers said it was only a "first step." In the House, New York's Republican Congressman John R. Pillion thundered that the resolution was "worse than no resolution at all. It scraps the Monroe Doctrine. It legitimizes a foreign regime in Cuba, telling it you can stay there unless you do this or that."

Far from embarrassing President Kennedy, the Cuba resolution carried the White House stamp of approval. Although it cited the Monroe Doctrine, the resolution endorsed the Administration view that the Russian buildup in Cuba, a flagrant violation of the Monroe Doctrine, does not demand any U.S. intervention. That view was affirmed once more in Secretary of State Dean Rusk's testimony before a joint closed-door session of the Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services committees. Rusk argued against a U.S. blockade to halt the flow of Communist arms to Cuba, or any kind of unilateral U.S. action to deal with Castro. "It is not possible any longer for the U.S. to act strictly in unilateral terms," said Rusk. "We are engaged nose to nose with the Soviet Union right around the globe. It is almost inconceivable that that engagement could become hot at one point and not at others, and at each of these points we are necessarily involved with our allies."

Rusk did not rule out all possibility of U.S. military action against Castro. The U.S. is "conducting a close surveillance of the Caribbean area," he said, and that "could lead to certain incidents which would involve the use of the armed forces." In other words, the U.S. could blunder into military action by accident. Furthermore, "if any elements of armed forces embarked from Cuba for any neighboring countries," U.S. military force would be used to "intercept" the invaders. But as long as Castro refrains from intervening outside Cuba, Rusk seemed to say, the U.S. will refrain from intervening inside Cuba. And so, the Soviet buildup will continue apace.

THE SOUTH

The Intruder

*Hotty toddy,
Gosh almighty!
Who in the hell are we?
Hey!
Flim! Flam! Bim! Bam!
Ole Miss, by damn!*

The Ole Miss yell spiraled through the crisp sunlit air like a football passed by Chuckin' Charley Conerly of legendary lore. Boys, lean and brimming with youthful vigor, horseplayed around—almost as if they were unconscious of the pretty coeds who watched them. Right down to the blue and maroon freshman beanies, the scene was of the sort to make alumni



APPLICANT MEREDITH
"This is the life I want."

hearts swell with bittersweet memories of days long gone. But beneath all the laughter, beneath all the seeming exuberance, was an ugly, constantly recurring question. "When," the kids asked one another, "will the nigger come?"

That question passed from youth to youth as they gathered—2,000 of them—on the colonnaded campus at Oxford, Miss. Grey-uniformed state patrolmen were there; so were newsmen and television crews. Governor Ross Barnett, fresh from a long meeting with the state college board, from which he had extracted the authority to deal personally with "the nigger," flew into Oxford, drove to the campus, and there took over as special registrar of the university. Barnett had promised the people of Mississippi—despite telephone calls from U.S. Attorney General Robert Kennedy, who had warned him of the legal consequences—that he would go to jail before he would permit Negro James H. Meredith to register for classes.

The Mission. But Meredith was just as determined as his Governor. Like Barnett, he is one of ten children. Like Barnett, he is the son of a farmer. His grandfather

was a slave (Barnett's father and grandfather were both Confederate soldiers), but James Meredith served in the U.S. Air Force and came out in 1960 a staff sergeant. A slight, shy man of 29, he became, in the words of Federal Appeals Judge John Minor Wisdom, before whom he appeared in his attempts to enter the university, a "man with a mission and a nervous stomach."

Meredith took correspondence courses as a G.I., later attended the Negro Jackson State College in Mississippi, but decided that it was "substandard." Reared as a Methodist, he gradually evolved beliefs bordering on mysticism. "Everybody's worrying about life," he said. "But if I can't live this life then I don't have it. In my feeling, I'm already dead. I want to go to the university. This is the life I want. If I can get it then I have my life; if I don't then I might as well not have existed. Just to live and breathe—that isn't life to me. There's got to be something more."

Having been granted the right to "something more" by a series of federal court decisions, Meredith arrived on the Ole Miss campus last week in the company of police officers and federal marshals and attorneys.

"Breaking the Law." By the time Meredith got there, the waiting students had worked themselves from gaiety into anger. A few tried to lower the U.S. flag and raise instead the banner of the old Confederacy; student leaders stopped them. As Meredith got out of his car, students booed and chanted: "Two, four, six, eight—we don't want to integrate!" A few yelled: "Go home, nigger!" Meredith looked around, smiled thinly, furrowed his brow and followed his escorts into the Center for Continuation Studies. There, in a private session with Ross Barnett and his aides and the marshals, Meredith presented the federal court orders and his credentials.

The Governor turned him down. Asked a Justice Department aide: "Do you realize you are breaking the law?" Replied Barnett: "Are you telling me I'm in contempt, or shouldn't the federal judge do that?" This was enough to perplex the marshals, who walked out with Meredith and drove away while students' jeers rang in their ears.

Within hours, the Justice Department was in court again. It did not accept Governor Barnett's dare and ask for a contempt citation against him. It asked, instead, for proceedings against the three top university officials, who had been superseded in authority by the Governor. But Federal Judge Sidney Mize, who had refused Meredith's pleas before, once again decided for Mississippi, holding that since the university officials had been preempted of their duties, they were not in contempt.

This week the Justice Department planned to try in the appeals court to break down the barriers that Mississippi had erected against Meredith. Ross Barnett could reflect on the fact that so far he had got away with defying the law of the land.

THE WORLD



MACMILLAN ON TV

GREAT BRITAIN

Crossing the Rubicon

For ten days Commonwealth leaders battled Britain's government with every wile and weapon. But for all their threats that Britain's admission to the European Common Market will irrevocably weaken—if not destroy—the 15-nation partnership, the Commonwealth Prime Ministers wound up their conference in London last week by conceding that "the final decision would rest with the British government." Prime Minister Harold Macmillan announced jubilantly: "I am very pleased. Everything is fine."

Until the closing hours of the conference, Commonwealth leaders had threatened to sign dissenting communiqués embodying the dire strictures they had delivered at Marlborough House; an even greater danger was that they would demand concessions to accommodate all their special trading interests that the Six could not possibly grant.

In the end, they issued a brief 2,000-word statement that almost apologetically mentioned their reservations about the possible economic consequences of Britain's realignment with Europe—but nonetheless endorsed the Common Market's aims.

Fading Fiction. What swayed the Commonwealth Prime Ministers was a blunt 50-minute speech by Harold Macmillan. Though Britain's membership in the Common Market will end special tariff concessions to Commonwealth imports, Macmillan pointed out that these are in any case a fading fiction which Britain can no longer afford; Commonwealth nations—and several have better living standards than Britain—raise ever higher tariff walls against British goods. On the other hand, argued Macmillan, as a member of the European Community, a prosperous Britain will be able to invest in less developed Commonwealth countries and help formulate worldwide commodity agreements, already promised by the Six, that would ultimately go far toward guaranteeing the Old Dominions a fair market for their foodstuffs.

Out-Blimping Blimps. British entry is now more certain than ever, but a few battles remain to be fought. Whitehall mimeograph machines were still clanking

out the communiqué when Ted Heath plunged into a two-week round of conferences with European ministers before formal negotiations with the Six reopen next month. However, the government's biggest battle may not take place in Brussels, but in Britain itself. Opinion polls have shown that opposition to Macmillan's "grand design" is rising steadily at home. The Commonwealth leaders' warnings reinforced an improbable but disturbing alliance between the Tory Party's own jingo fringe and Commonwealth Firsters in the Labor Party.

Both at home and in Brussels, Macmillan's case was damaged by Labor's Hugh Gaitskell; out-Blimping the Blimps, he harrumphed that Britain's admission to Europe would mean "the end of the Commonwealth and 1,000 years of history." Gaitskell's call to arms was partly offset by a Europe-minded group of Laborites who claimed the support of 80 Socialist M.P.s—almost one-third of the party's membership in Parliament. Almost unanimously, the resurgent Liberal Party (see following story) also ranged itself behind the bidding in Brussels.

Defeated in his original aim to damp down debate until he could present Parliament and public with an accomplished fact, Macmillan finally joined the fray. With greater confidence than he has shown the nation in months—and looking, in the Daily Mirror's words, "like a genial bloodhound"—Macmillan took to TV to warn that a Britain excluded from Europe would become a pygmy "in a world of giants." In fact, his government has already crossed the Rubicon. Macmillan admitted as much by declaring that Britain will ultimately have to act in its own best interests—not the Commonwealth's. "After all," said he, "we're independent too."

New Life for the Liberals

From the platoons of perambulators marshaled on Llandudno's pier last week, it looked as if a baby contest were in full swing. In fact, the prams' owners were visiting the wind-whipped Welsh resort for the Liberal Party's annual conference, its biggest and most closely watched gathering since the war. Though it has been fashionable in Britain to dismiss the Liberals themselves as political babes-in-arms, last week's conference showed that the resurgent party not only appeals powerfully to the young—hence the youthful parents with their prams—but that it has also developed a new maturity that may well make it a force to be reckoned with at Britain's next general election.

Less Self. Of the 1,456 delegates packed into the pier pavilion, the great majority come from Britain's "new middle class," an expanding tier that reaches from skilled workers to professional and managerial classes. It is this segment of society that has been hardest hit by the Conserva-

tive government's white-collar wage restraints—the "pay pause"—while staunchly resisting the Labor Party's archaic doctrines and chronic schisms. Though they have made dramatic gains in by-elections during the past year, the Liberals have been dismissed as a party of protest that is still in search of its real identity. Damned by the Socialists as "traitors to the working class," its leaders were decry by Tories as "faceless peddlers of politics with a pretty little trinket for every taste."

In fact, since the Liberals are not hobbled by extremists of the far right or left, the parade of young speakers at Llandudno last week offered fewer panaceas and more constructive policies than either majority party usually adopts at its conferences. Under black, orange and white banners proclaiming TAKE BRITAIN AHEAD, delegates listened earnestly to well-researched proposals for liberalizing Britain's class-ridden educational system, for stepping up its sluggish economy and broadening the base of society (2% of Britain's adult population still owns 46% of all personal wealth). Delegates jabbed repeatedly at the spiritual and material lags of the affluent society. "We need," said Liberal Candidate Harold Haigh, "less self and more self-denial."

The Liberals made the most of the fact that they have supported Britain's membership in the Common Market since the birth of the European movement in 1948—while Labor is still dithering and doddering over the issue. Said one speaker: British failure to enter the Market "will be a victory for the old against the young, for the insular, the blind and the prejudiced—and for Mr. Khrushchev."

Some Liberal policies are shared by Labor—notably their conviction that Britain should scrap its costly, prestigious H-



GAITSKELL'S "TEMPTATION"
Allied with the jingoes.



LIBERAL GRIMOND AT LLANDUDNO
A power among the proms.

bomb arsenal in hopes of halting the spread of nuclear weapons. In the past, party officials have seriously discussed pooling forces to put up "Lib-Lab" candidates at the next election. However, Liberal Party Leader Jo Grimond last week took full advantage of the Socialists' disastrous disarray on Common Market membership. Pressing home his bluntest attacks yet on Labor, Grimond declared: "The Labor Party is losing its soul—just as the Liberals are gaining their feet."

Wedded to Work. If the Liberals do get back on their feet after more than 40 years in eclipse, it will be almost entirely through Grimond's leadership. A ruggedly handsome man with a wayward lock of grey hair, Grimond, 49, is not so much a policymaker as a popularizer with a flair for making the party's traditional championship of free enterprise and individual liberties seem timely to young citizens of Britain's welfare state. Grimond (pronounced *Grimm-ond*) is a tireless organizer who shuttles up to 80,000 miles a year between London, Liberal outposts and his far-flung constituency of Orkney and Shetland, a storm-battered 20-island chain in the North Atlantic, where he campaigns by motor launch and shanks' mare.

Like Harold Macmillan, Grimond is a Scot who attended Eton and won a scholarship to Oxford's austere Balliol College—and, like the Prime Minister, he is wedded to his work. Grimond's wife Laura is the daughter of Lady Violet Bonham Carter, perennial high priestess of the Liberal Party, and herself the daughter of Lord Asquith, who in 1908 became Prime Minister in the party's last elected government. (Winston Churchill was his famed First Lord of the Admiralty.)

Though the Liberals won 1,640,761 votes at the 1959 general election (out of 27,862,708), under the British electoral system they got only six of 630 seats in the House of Commons. Since then, the party has worked heroically to build up its organization, has elected more than 1,000 candidates to local councils. They already have twice the number of parlia-

mentary candidates (340) that they were able to field in 1959, and a vastly bigger war chest (\$560,000 v. \$64,000). In the next general election, probably in 1964, most experts have assumed that the Liberals will lose much of their new-found strength to the two major parties.

The experts may well be wrong. The confident, well-disciplined party at Llandudno last week suggested that it could at least hold the balance of power in an electorate that is increasingly bored with the Tories and mistrustful of the Socialists. As for the "party of protest" label, Grimond retorts: "What's wrong with that for a start?"

BERLIN

Under the Wall

In their unceasing attempts to escape to freedom, East Berliners have often taken the underground route. But last week the world learned of the biggest, most elaborate tunnel yet built beneath the hated Wall. Through it, a record 59 refugees reached the West. The 413-ft. tunnel was dug in 18 weeks by two dozen German and foreign college students who began the job last May in a cellar in the working-class district of Wedding.

Working in eight- and twelve-hour shifts, the students made a 4-ft. opening in the side of the cellar, rigged up a block and tackle to haul out the damp sandy soil on which most of Berlin is built, and installed a ventilation system made up of lengths of stovepipe. To get the job done, the students had to sacrifice one college semester and raise about \$3,750, which went for such equipment as a Volkswagen bus for removing earth, an electric drill, cables, field telephones, miners' lamps and tools.

Progressive Songs. Sagging earth above the tunnel caused a break in a water line, but West Berlin firemen came to the rescue with a pump to drain the tunnel. A second flooding occurred at the 300-ft.

mark, well inside East Berlin, when a water pipe burst near the tunnel. Fortunately, the East German repairmen who fixed the pipe did not notice the excavation below. As digging was resumed, the molelike students could hear the Communist loudspeakers on the Wall above them blaring out "progressive workers' songs."

By sheer luck, the tunnel came out in an abandoned cellar in East Berlin. Not knowing what to expect, the first student to crawl out carried a submachine gun. The usual manner of contacting prospective escapees was practiced: the student-diggers drew up a list of friends in East Berlin and then someone with a West German or foreign passport went legally through the Wall, looked up the people on the list and verbally gave the necessary instructions.

Frustrated Gropes. Two weeks ago, the first four refugees went through to freedom. Owing to a steady seepage from underground springs, the last of the 59 to cross had to wade through water up to their armpits. When pumps could not cope with the flood, the tunnel was regretfully closed, and East Germans were publicly warned to avoid its use. Lamented one student-worker: "It was the most beautiful tunnel there ever was." Other Western groups are hard at work on four other tunnels in the same general area, but some refugees would not wait: in a single night, eleven East Germans—including two Gropes with their arms and a police dog—crossed over.

The Communist Gropes guarding the Wall last week took out their frustration on a frolicsome dachshund and a sheep dog who strayed through the wire and began sniffing about in the death strip on the East Berlin side of the Wall. Presumably deciding the dogs were Western spies, the Gropes opened fire. Badly wounded, the sheep dog managed to struggle back to West Berlin. The dachshund lay writhing at the foot of the Wall until a Gropo finally beat it to death with a shovel.



TUNNELERS IN WEST BERLIN CELLAR
"The most beautiful tunnel there ever was."

UNITED NATIONS The Propaganda Forum

Past the 104 white flagpoles outside the United Nations building last week rolled a fleet of limousines delivering diplomats to an autumn rite as familiar and often as shrill as the first day of school: the opening of the U.N. General Assembly. Settling down to business, the delegates welcomed the U.N.'s four newest members—Jamaica, Trinidad and Tobago, Rwanda, and Burundi—whose admission boosted Assembly membership to 108; Algeria and Uganda will be up for admittance later in the session.

Then the wrangling began. In his opening speech, U.S. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson expressed the hope that the 17th Assembly would "replace strident politics with quiet but determined diplomacy." Russia, of course, preferred the strident approach. In a ranting, two-hour tirade, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko lashed at U.S. policy toward Cuba (see THE NATION). Crammed with 92 separate items, the agenda gives the Russians plenty of opportunity to exploit the Assembly as a propaganda forum.

Question Mark. One of the hottest battles will be over money. The U.S. is preparing a major campaign to whittle down the U.N.'s huge \$138 million deficit by collecting back dues from delinquent members, including cash for the expensive Congo and Middle East policing actions. Despite an advisory opinion by the World Court that delinquent nations should pony up their full share for all the U.N.'s activities, Russia has flatly refused to pay for the Congo operation. Said Gromyko: "Let no one entertain the belief that the Soviet Union will divert a single kopeck to aiding the colonialists to sanctify their criminal deeds" in the Congo.

Controversy is also expected over the election of a new Secretary General. Logical candidate for the job is Burma's taciturn U Thant, who is serving out the unexpired portion of Dag Hammarskjöld's term. Backed solidly by the Asian bloc, Thant is also assured of U.S. support; although he is a neutralist, the U.S. cannot hope to get a much more pro-Western man in the present U.N. But the Soviet Union and its satellite delegations have indicated that they will wage another campaign in favor of the troika, a three-headed (one Western, one neutral, one Communist) monstrosity that would leave the U.N. executive impotent.

There also will be noisy debate on the twin issues of disarmament and nuclear testing. The U.S. wants to keep both sets of talks going at Geneva, still maintains that the only way to detect underground nuclear explosions is a system of on-spot inspections, which Russia calls "espionage." Russia hopes to gain a propaganda advantage by bringing both issues before the Assembly, which would destroy what little hope there is of an effective test settlement. Left over from the 16th Assembly are old anti-colonialist resolutions condemning the Portuguese in An-

gola and the British in the self-governing colony of Southern Rhodesia. Biggest question mark of the session is whether Nikita Khrushchev himself will show up in Manhattan. Western diplomats anticipate that Khrushchev will wait until after the U.S. elections in November, then come to the U.N. to dramatize his maneuvers for a separate peace with East Germany and to press for a summit meeting with President Kennedy.

Brain on Ice. If other diplomats shivered at the prospect of another shoe-thumping tantrum, the Assembly's new president, Pakistan's spade-bearded Sir Muhammad Zafrulla Khan, 60, showed last week that he was not about to take any guff. Told by the Russians that the



U.N.'s THANT & ZAFRULLA
No kopecks, but a prayer to Allah.

General Committee, of which he is chairman, was "debasing its dignity." Zafrulla Khan retorted coolly: "The committee is the guardian of its own dignity and well able to take care of it."

A meticulous jurist and diplomat, whose favorite description of himself is "a brain on ice," Zafrulla has always been, in an era of revolution and extremism, an advocate of moderate policies. Unfailingly courteous, even in the most heated debates, he disdains flamboyant and vituperative oratory in favor of low-keyed logical argument, has often clashed in the U.N. with his archfoe, India's leading warlock, V. K. Krishna Menon. Though Zafrulla was an early champion of Indian independence, he never became a crusader or an inmate of political prisons like Nehru, preferred instead to work for an evolutionary agreement with the British, won sneering acclaim as "Britain's favorite Indian."

Zafrulla is a deeply committed anti-Communist, has privately often chided the U.S. for lavishing more attention and money on vacillating neutrals than on such strong supporters as his own Paki-

stan. A devoted Moslem, he neither smokes nor drinks. Once divorced, he is presently married to a 24-year-old Palestinian Arab beauty, who is now at a finishing school in London. As he took the presidential chair last week, Zafrulla recognized the strains of his post, "O Allah," he prayed aloud in Arabic, "expand my chest. Make my task easy. Grant me eloquence so that they may understand me."

RUSSIA I Dreamed I Was a Marxist In My Maidenform Bra

Once upon a Stalinist time, Masha the Machinist was supposed to get maximum uplift just by doing her bit for the Five-Year Plan. Her unharnessed figure, unrouched cheeks and unwaxed hair were the model for Soviet womanhood. Feminine adornments were considered decadent. But under Nikita Khrushchev's rule, glamour has become one of the Marxist virtues; the party line has caught up with the hemline. At a Moscow fashion show this summer, 9,000 people a day enviously ogled the sleek styles that so far only the mannequins were wearing. The counters of GUM, Moscow's government department store, blossomed with gaudily colored brassieres. Costume jewelry and other Western fripperies adorned new shops along Gorky Street.

Last week a new voice of authority proclaimed the revived right of women to be proletarian and pretty. The Sunday supplement of *Izvestia* argued: "You can't deny a woman's striving to be attractive. What woman's heart does not miss a beat at the words: 'Now that dress suits you' or 'What a splendid hairdo.' This is not just a caprice, but a demand of the times and a reflection of the increased cultural level. We must not consider these 'petty matters' unworthy of attention." Trouble was, added *Izvestia* pleadingly, that economic planners who are responsible for supplying the "pretty clothes, nice make-up and jewelry that every woman craves" are maddeningly inefficient.

To document its story of ladies in distress, the magazine assigned a team of eight women reporters to a kind of undercover investigation. According to their findings, black lingerie is so scarce that salespeople are tired of saying "no" to repeated demands. Supposedly black slips and panties delivered to GUM are only dirty brown. Why are lace trimmings so shoddy? Not enough lace or lacemaking machines. Only four factories in the country produce non-runny nylons, and the 83 stocking-repair shops in Moscow are so far behind that it may take a month to fix a pair of hose. Square-fingered Soviet gloves, complained *Izvestia*, "make even the most graceful hand look like a paw." Hair rinses, shampoos and large curlers are hard to find; one reporter in Moscow waited more than four hours for a hairdresser, still was twelfth in line when the shop was ready to close. Concluded *Izvestia*: "If you want to look beautiful, you must suffer."

Jackie Kennedy asked Charles de Gaulle who, among recent statesmen, had the greatest sense of humor. "Stalin," he replied. But he obviously meant De Gaulle.

FROM radios and television sets throughout France last week came the hoarse, oracular voice that every Frenchman tries hopelessly to imitate. It belonged to Charles de Gaulle, who in a nationwide address announced his plans for a strengthened presidential system by which his successor would be elected directly by the people (TIME, Sept. 21). Though De Gaulle's proposal would short-circuit the constitution and has already enraged politicians of all parties, his grandiloquent dialogue between "you Frenchmen and Frenchwomen and myself" only heightened the curious blend of awe, irritation and amusement with which most Frenchmen today regard their President. Through endless anecdotes, his mordant wit and sovereign self-assurance have become as firmly lodged in the French imagination as Cyrano's nose.

The argosy of *gaullismes* was enriched this week with publication of *The Words of the General* (Fayard, Paris), a treasury of De Gaulle's most revealing epigrams and acerb asides that has been pseudonymously compiled by the aide to a long-time Gaullist official. While some of his *bon mots* may have grown bonnier in telling, and others may be wholly apocryphal, who can say for sure? Who, that is, but The General?

On How to Succeed. Though his subordinates have no hesitation about confiscating newspapers and magazines that criticize the general, De Gaulle himself is magnificently unconcerned by adverse press comment. After listening to a Cabinet member's objections to a hostile newspaper article, *le Président* observed: "If you are a minister, you do not complain about newspapers. You don't even read them. You write them." When another Cabinet minister protested that a younger colleague was unscrupulous, intellectually dishonest and immoral to boot, De Gaulle cut him short with the observation: "That's comforting! I thought ministers were capable of nothing."

On Politics. Some of De Gaulle's keener barbs have been aimed at the politicians who resisted his return to power in 1958. "Since a politician never believes what he says," he once mused, "he is absolutely nonplussed when he is taken at his word." At a Gaullist rally in 1956, an orator demanded death for the leaders of the Fourth Republic, repeating for De Gaulle's benefit: "*Mon général*, we must kill all those asses." Nodded De Gaulle: "A vast program." After his election, when the President decided to fire some balky Cabinet ministers, Premier Michel

Debré pointed out the hardships they would face when they returned to ordinary life. "Come, come," interrupted De Gaulle, "They'll always find a spot for themselves." After all, he exhaled after a pause, "they've been ministers of De Gaulle."

De Gaulle has little faith in diplomats. "They are only all right in consistently good weather," he says. "As soon as it rains, they drown in each drop." As for the military mind: "The worst calamity, after a stupid general, is an intelligent one."

On His Contemporaries. Dwight Eisenhower did not just pick brains—he "sponged on genius." De Gaulle's verdict on Field Marshal Montgomery: "He's no soldier, he's an actor. But he plays so well at being a leader that he manages to identify himself with the part." De Gaulle's image of De Gaulle was most memorably expressed to a courageous colleague who protested that he needlessly endangers his life by mingling with the crowds on official tours. Answered De Gaulle: "Keep in mind one thing, sir. De Gaulle interests me only as a historic personage." While reading him the order of the day during one of his provincial tours, a local prefect got no farther than "11 o'clock—Mass." "Ah," interrupted the President, "Mass is my favorite ceremony!" Dreamily, De Gaulle explained: "Yes, church is the only place where, when someone addresses me, I don't have to answer."

Le grand Charles has learned to sheathe his wit, particularly with beautiful women. Though he can barely see them without his glasses, he cannot bear to be seen by them with his glasses, and is forced to peer studiously into their faces while they talk. During President and Mrs. Kennedy's state visit to Paris in 1961, Jackie was unfolding the story of her life when she asked, "You realize, General, that my family is of French origin?" De Gaulle exclaimed drily: "Well now, so is mine!" At the same banquet, Jacqueline Kennedy bubbled: "You, General, who have known so many interesting people in your life, tell me, which one had the greatest sense of humor?" De Gaulle's deadpan reply: "Stalin, Madame."

De Gaulle is convinced that his "national imprint" raises him above politics.

◊ Without mentioning what was then the most closely guarded of Gaullist secrets: the fact that his maternal great-grandfather was born in Germany. De Gaulle's Teutonic ancestor was Ludwig Philipp Kolb, a barber-surgeon in Napoleon's army, who was born in Grötzingen in 1761 and fell to British bullets at Waterloo.



JACKIE & HOST AT ELYSÉE PALACE

When his Gaullist U.N.R. party was organized in 1958, he was asked whether it should be a party of the right, center or left. Declared the general: "De Gaulle is not of the left. Nor of the right. Nor of the center. De Gaulle is *above*." After the 1962 referendum on the Algerian peace agreement, an aide ran to the Elysée Palace to tell the President that he had won a staggering 90% majority. De Gaulle pondered the news, then leaped to his feet. "This country," he thundered, "is flabby!"

On the French. On another occasion, De Gaulle despaired aloud: "How can you govern a country with 246 varieties of cheese?" The French, he complains, "think only about stuffing themselves and living better," adding: "This is hardly a national purpose." On the other hand, he shrugs: "Every Frenchman wants to have one or two special privileges. That's his way of showing his passion for equality."

De Gaulle has been preoccupied with France's greatness since earliest childhood. He once confided to his aides: "As a child, I loved to play at war. My brothers and I divided up our toy soldiers. Xavier had Italy, Pierre had Germany. And I, gentlemen—I always had France." Even at the lowest ebb of the war, a Free French officer who was poring over a map of occupied Europe heard the general's high, familiar voice at his shoulder: "Wasting your time, *mon vieux*. You'd do better studying a map of the world." Another officer in London asked De Gaulle to be more generous in sharing intelligence reports of the enemy's plans. "See here!" barked the general. "To win, it is not enough to know what the enemy wants. Above all, you have to know what you yourself want."

What most impresses everyone close to him is Charles de Gaulle's Olympian assurance that the will of De Gaulle will prevail. The instructions for night-duty officers at the Elysée Palace read simply: "Do Not Disturb the President of the Republic Except in Case of World War."

ALGERIA

A Mandate of Sorts

More than 5,000,000 Algerians last week voted for their nation's first Parliament. In the big coastal cities, a few of the 100,000 Europeans still remaining in Algeria lined up with turbaned Arabs. In the rugged Aurès Mountains, blond and blue-eyed Berbers gathered at the polling places. In the Sahara, "the veiled men in blue" of the Tuareg tribes and the secretive Mozabites cast their ballots beneath the feathery palms of remote oases.

Despite the show of democracy, the voters were apathetic, sickened by war and the clawing fights among their own leaders. By last week, the only slogan capable of rallying the Algerian people was the cry of *Baraket* (Enough). Ahmed

a state of semirebellion. The country is deeply split by regionalism—the ancient rivalries among Berbers and Arabs, of townfolk and tribes. Kidnapings, rapes and murders occur at the rate of five or six a day, and photographs of missing persons appear in newspaper. Jobs must be found for some 4,000,000 men and women; yet most factories are shut down, and the European technicians able to run them have fled the country. One hopeful sign of growing political maturity: Ben Bella, as well as his rivals for power, now freely admits that the reconstruction of Algeria cannot be accomplished without French help in the form of men, money and techniques.

Handy Pistol. In eliminating so many opponents from the candidates' list, Ben Bella may have outsmarted himself. It



VOTERS IN ALGIERS WAITING FOR POLLS TO OPEN
An apathetic electorate cried "*Baraket!*"

Ben Bella, at least temporarily in control as head of Algeria's Political Bureau, gave the voters no alternative to a single list of 196 candidates. The list had been purged of 59 names, including such Ben Bella opponents as ex-Premier Benyousséf Benkhedda, Guerrilla Heroine Djamilia Bouhired, who had been tortured by French paratroops, and Mustapha Lacheraf, who spent five years in French jails as a fellow prisoner of Ben Bella. One unpurged candidate, Mohammed Boudiaf, refused to serve because "the lists haven't been chosen in a democratic manner."

Ancient Rivalries. Ben Bella, who left no doubt that he intends to be Premier of the new government, made a nationwide broadcast declaring that the tasks ahead "can be summed up in a few words: re-establishment of order in an Algeria disoriented by war, and the establishment of peace and prosperity throughout the country." He is unlikely to achieve any of these objectives soon. Two of Algeria's six *wilayas* (military districts) remain in

leaves his foes comfortably outside his government and free of any responsibility for the harsh measures Ben Bella must take in the months ahead if he intends to restore order and revive the economy.

Yet last week all of Algeria's wrangling leaders seemed chillingly aware of the nation's disgust. Ex-Premier Benkhedda, despite his enmity toward Ben Bella, pointed the way to unity by going out and voting. And fiery army commander Colonel Houari Boumedienne kept himself and his Communist-equipped troops relatively out of sight. Only when the vote was in did Boumedienne announce a drive to crush antigovernment resistance in the region around Algiers.

About 80% of those eligible to vote went to the polls, and of those voting, nearly 5,300,000, or 99%, supported the single list. It was a mandate of sorts for Ben Bella, enough for him to begin to govern, but no guarantee that he could abandon his wary habit of sleeping with a pistol handy on his bed table.

EGYPT

But That's Show Business

For centuries, a jumping ritual known as the *zaar* has been used to drive away djinn, or evil spirits, by Egyptian witch doctors. At a typical *zaar*, affluent customers are ordered to bring such items as sheep and goats for sacrifices; humble offerings of fish and fowl may be demanded of the poor, but the witch doctors always come out ahead. After the djinn-soaked customer is isolated for a week, the witch doctor bursts into his room with a band composed of drum-beaters and female vocalists whose job is to shriek. The *zaar* goes on all day, as the participants weep, beat their breasts, and roll on the earth.

Gamal Abdel Nasser is about as enthusiastic about the *zaars* as he is about bar mitzvahs, and has long been anxious to eliminate them as a vestige of the Dark Ages. Nasser's Interior Ministry has finally got around to banning them completely under threat of a six-month to three-year jail term. Uprooting the *zaars* may prove difficult in remote villages, but Nasser will have no trouble in the cities, where a more sophisticated populace has outgrown them and where the neighbors are bound to hear the racket if anyone tries to stage one. Scores of the city-based witch doctors already have gone into other work, mostly into show business.

RED CHINA

Refugee from the Tiger Squad

Of the million refugees who have poured into Hong Kong from Red China since 1949, most have been farmers and fishermen fleeing overwork and hunger. In Hong Kong last week, *TIME* Correspondent Loren Fessler interviewed a rarity among the refugees: Chan Po-cheung, 30, a self-confident young man who served the Communists for years as a party stalwart and a high-ranking officer in the feared Public Security Bureau. Chan's story offers a striking insight into the life of both oppressors and oppressed in Red China. It also shows that in the past year Communist police efficiency has declined sharply, and that a man with strong nerves and his wits about him can survive for a long time outside the system. "My mistake," says Chan Po-cheung wryly, "was in being too straightforward."

Dissolving Society. A solidly muscled man who looks like a bouncer in a waterfront saloon, Chan Po-cheung was born in the Toishan district, southwest of Canton, and grew up in the violence of a dissolving society. When he was eleven, his father was murdered by a hired gangster because of a property dispute, and the killer went free owing to his political connections. At 17, while South China was still shakily controlled by Chiang Kai-shek, Chan was a student at a police training school in Canton. He spoke openly against the Nationalist regime and was overheard by a plainclothesman who warned him that such talk would get him into trouble. To Chan's surprise, the plainclothesman made

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him a sort of protégé—a riddle that was solved six months later when the Red army captured Canton and the cop was revealed as an underground Communist.

Chan was assigned to the 136-man "pistol squad" that functioned as 1) a bodyguard for visiting dignitaries, and 2) an agency to ferret out counter-revolutionary activity. Within a year, Chan was a party member; by 1951 he was promoted to leadership of the pistol squad and was in charge of security arrangements during Mao Tse-tung's first visit to the city. Says Chan: "Had I known what I know now, I would have shot him."

His new importance enabled Chan to avenge his father's death. He gave the name of the killer to Tan Cheng-wen, chief of the regional PSB, and says matter-of-factly: "Tan sent off the order for his execution. No trial was necessary."

Listening to Bandits. Chan felt different about Communism's summary justice when two comrades he liked were purged for being rightist deviationists. "It made me feel something was wrong." He was switched to the "tiger squad," which launched a drive on businessmen suspected of holding on to taxes or hoarding gold. Chan claims he saw police figures in 1953 listing, for Canton alone, 8,000 executions and 10,000 suicides. Chan says now: "I wanted to quit, but it was as if I were an orphan. I felt I had no place to go."

He did escape from the tiger squad by entering Whampoa Military Academy near Canton, where he spent two years "listening to those bandits who took part in the Long March preach about the goodness of Communism." Chan was still gullible enough to take at face value the "hundred flowers" campaign, which called for frank criticism, and industriously sent in 14 reports, castigating everything from party spying to forced labor.

For his pains, he was unofficially suspended from the party, and one morning in October 1958 Chan was arrested on charges of criticizing party policies and helping people to evade the law. Chan hastily scribbled a 37-page "confession," but it did him little good. He was sentenced to 3½ years of labor reform.

Two-Foot Chain. With a batch of 1,200 other prisoners, Chan was shipped into the mountains of northern Kwangtung to work twelve hours a day on a skimpy ration of rice. Within two months, 300 of the prisoners died. In this and two other camps, Chan was continually in trouble. After writing a poetic lament for his pre-Communist life, Chan was denounced before a mass meeting of other prisoners, beaten, and forced to stand and kneel and stand again for hours. In 1960, while on a rock removal detail, Chan complained to the authorities that "corrupt cadres" were stealing the rice supposed to go to the prisoners. The government sent investigators who warned the cadres. Once the investigators were gone, Chan says, "the cadres fixed me good. They clamped forty-pound leg irons on my ankles and linked them together with a two-foot chain." After nine months of

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Blue Hawaii; Hawaiian War Chant; Moon Of Manakoa; Pagan Love Song; Bali Ha'i; Sweet Leilani; Now Is The Hour; others.

ITALY

Roger Laredo Orchestra

Mattinata; Arrivederci Roma; Roman Guitar; Come Back To Sorrento; Tarantella; Vieni Sul Mare; Ciao, Ciao Bambina; others.

leg irons and solitary confinement, Chan's weight dropped from 140 lbs. to 92.

At the final camp, Chan used his last article of wealth, a Parker pen set, to bribe his way into the prison hospital. On a stormy night he slipped out a window, climbed the fence, and raced between the guard towers. Hopping a freight train bound for Canton, Chan hid out with friends who gave him food and civilian clothes. From September 1961 until he made it across the border, Chan was constantly on the move, sometimes staying with a sympathetic cop of the PSB, more often working for the black marketeers of Canton running gold bars, ginseng, watches and saccharin upriver to Changsha and Wuhan. His boldest act was his escape to Hong Kong. He stole a government seal, used it to stamp a letter "authorizing" him to requisition a Land Rover from a PSB motor pool. He drove to the Hong Kong border, and the PSB emblem on the car was as good as a pass—Red Chinese soldiers waved him by roadblocks.

Of the groaning land he left behind him, Chan Po-cheung says: "The people will continue to suffer and the regime to survive. First, the people have so little food and clothing that they cannot take to the hills and wage guerrilla war. Second, they have no weapons at all. Even if the cadres are not completely loyal to the government, they are held responsible if there's any trouble. The party's grip still extends from the top down to the lowest level of life in China."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Unconsolidated Victory

A small South Vietnamese observation plane circled over a marshy checkerboard of wild rice fields 60 miles southwest of Saigon. Below, two companies of Communist Viet Cong guerrillas, flushed into the open after sporadic fire fights, were trying to escape across the paddies in shallow-draft sampans. Alerted by the observation plane, ten huge grey U.S.-supplied amphibious personnel carriers raced to the scene, ran head-on into the Reds. Churning through the sampan fleet, the amphibious ducks ground whole boatloads of Communist guerrillas under their steel treads. Shielded behind armor plating, army troops machine-gunned the survivors. The toll: 154 Viet Cong troops killed and 38 captured, to twelve government soldiers wounded.

One of the biggest government victories this year, the battle once again proved how much U.S. equipment and training have improved the Vietnamese army. Since January, government forces in the five-province area southwest of Saigon known as the 32nd Tactical Command have killed 5,000 Viet Cong troops. But the government has been unable to consolidate its military successes into a political victory. Under the nose of government officials, the Viet Cong have continued their recruiting campaign among the peasantry. Despite the heavy losses, Viet Cong strength in the area is the same as last January: some 6,000 men.

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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Containment Shuffleboard

The nearest encampment of Russian forces is only 36 miles from the U.S. naval base at Guantánamo, Cuba. Motorized Communist-bloc artillery waits at the end of specially cleared roads pointing toward the perimeter. Inside the 45-sq.-mi. base (see map), the 4,000-plus U.S. sailors and marines hold their tempers, their fire and their ground. Last week TIME Correspondent William Rademaekers flew out of Guantánamo with a report on the base's situation and readiness:

After weeks of ominous silence, the only hole in Castro's Cactus Curtain,

base's local work force—and also halt the embarrassing trickle of post exchange food that Cuban workers have been able to carry home with them. People living in Oriente province, which surrounds the base, have been especially hard hit by the breakdown of Cuba's distribution system. Beef and chickens, frozen when they leave Havana 600 miles away, arrive in Oriente in an advanced state of decay; so do dairy products. Said one Cuban on the base: "Our meat sometimes has worms, and when it doesn't it smells to the heavens. I do not know how long we can live like this." Added another: "Now they tell us, 'You won't stick it out until January—we promise you.' It is very difficult to be a

"going under painlessly." At one of the clubs on the base, they play a game bitterly called "containment shuffleboard—a game you don't try to win, but simply try to keep your opponent from scoring too high." As one sailor put it: "I'd like to think that one day we would have the guts to do something—but I doubt it." "It's hard to hold your head up these days when you see these Cubans being mauled at the gate by Communists," said another. "I never thought I'd see the day when in a place 90 miles from the States, Commie guards would keep me from taking liberty."

ARGENTINA

Changing of the Guard

The chaos that has been Argentina's lot ever since the ouster of President Arturo Frondizi six months ago was compounded last week by an ugly civil war among the country's ruling military brass. Argentine artillery fired on Argentine tanks; Argentine air force planes strafed Argentine infantrymen. Bewildered civilians wandered through Buenos Aires' streets, sunny in the South American spring, holding transistor radios to their ears and trying to figure out what they were fighting about.

On one side were army officers who called themselves "Democrats." Occupying nearly all the top military positions in the government, the Democrats had one principal characteristic: undying hatred of ex-Dictator Juan Perón and the outlawed, 3,000,000-man Peronista political organization. Their name derives from the form of government they propose—"democratic dictatorship," or direct military rule for a minimum of five years.

On the other side stood the "Legalists," led by officers in command of the big Campo de Mayo army base outside Buenos Aires. A few are Nasser-style nationalists; others are former Peronista officers. Most of them call for early elections to choose a new Congress and a constitutional President, argue that the Peronistas should be returned at least some of their political rights. But their main point of unity last week was jealousy of the in-status of the Democrat wing of the army, and anger over the fact that they were being dismissed from key commands. When their protests to the War Ministry were met with new dismissals, the Legalists mobilized.

The man in the middle, President José María Guido, the ineffectual puppet installed after Frondizi, pleaded for a truce. But the military rivals were beyond pacifying. As the shooting started, Guido, who at one point appeared to support the incumbent Democrats, now threw in his lot with the rebellious Legalists. It proved wise. After a series of sharp battles, the Democrats were driven from Buenos Aires. The victorious Legalists proclaimed themselves in charge and called for elections to return to constitutional rule.



Guantánamo's northeast gate, has now become the scene of a tense drama. Over the weekend, Cuban militiamen threw up a type of cattle chute—parallel lines of wire fencing some 300 yards long—through which the 2,300 Cuban civilians who work on the base were forced to pass. At 7 a.m. on Monday, as the first workers arrived, the shakedown began. Some men were stripped naked, each item of clothing carefully inspected for "documents." Others had their shirts or pants removed. Some were forced to kneel as tough Cuban guards emptied their pockets, spat at them, and shouted such things as "Why do you work for the Yankee bastards?" The inspection took 2½ hours before all the Cubans got through, and in the evening, as cows grazed peacefully outside the chute, Guantánamo's Cubans waited and sweated for an hour or more as the process was repeated before they were allowed to go home.

The new harassment has braced officials at the base for a harder time. The tactics are obviously designed to choke off the

hero when you have a family. It is now very difficult to work for the Americans."

Rear Admiral Edward J. O'Donnell, Guantánamo's base commander, says that he can remain operational without the Cuban workers, just as he can stay in business without Castro's water, still being piped in from the Yateros River four miles away. In case Castro tries forcible eviction, the base's perimeter is guarded by combat-ready U.S. marines equipped with tanks and artillery. However, the bulk of the firepower comes from the ships using Guantánamo's training facilities. Destroyers, cruisers, battleships and carriers come and go without apparent plan. Yet a substantial part of the fleet is always near, and there is more than a touch of seriousness in the way the crews go through their paces.

Guantánamo's personnel know that they can be burned for publicly talking "politics," but privately they exercise their rights as U.S. citizens. Many are angry, frustrated and disillusioned, worried about "instant appeasement" and



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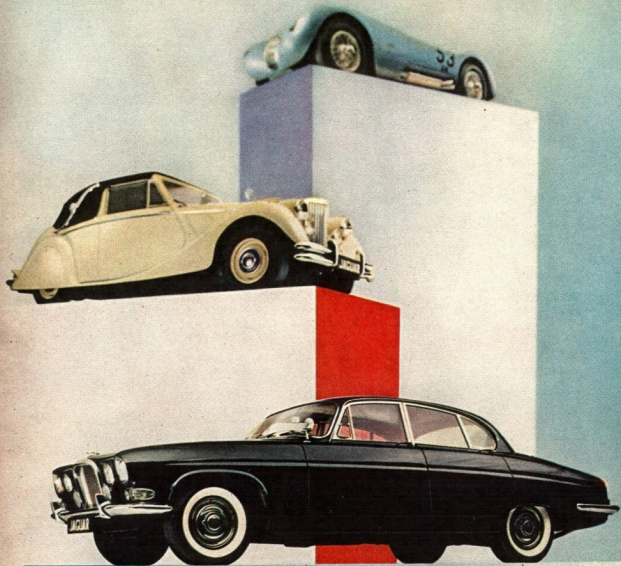
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PEOPLE

To get away from the daily hurly-burly that sometimes invades even the Vatican, **Pope John XXIII** has a lofty new retreat in which to meditate. The top three floors of the 9th century tower of San Giovanni, built by Pope Leo IV as a defense against marauding Saracens, have been fitted out with heaters for winter and air conditioning for summer, divided into a foyer, a circular salon opening on a library and studio, a dining room, bedroom and chapel. And from the wide terrace behind the battlements of the 100-ft.-high tower, the Pontiff has a splendid view of the Eternal City. So pleasant is the prospect that the Pope may elect to spend every summer there.

Few poets die wealthy, and lower-case Poet **E. E. Cummings**, who died three weeks ago, was no exception. In his will, signed with upper-case capitals and filed for probate in Manhattan Surrogate's Court, he left personal possessions valued at a mere \$15,000 to his wife Marion, and "suggested" that she give to their daughter, his sister and two close friends whatever "they'd enjoy remembering me by."

To shouts of *dobro pozhalovat* (welcome) from crowds of flower-bearing Russians, Composer **Igor Stravinsky**, 80, arrived at Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport and set foot on his native soil for the first time in 52 years. For the frail, cane-carrying composer, whose symphonic ballets were branded "corrupt and bourgeois" during Stalin's day, it was an emotional homecoming. "I left Czarist Russia and have returned to the Soviet Union, which I greet," said Stravinsky in Russian. "It is a great joy." After a tender meeting with a niece he had known only through an exchange of letters, Stravinsky was helped into a limousine and whisked in a motorcade to his hotel, where, forti-



IGOR STRAVINSKY
Great joy.

fied with vodka and caviar, he worked over the scores for three concerts with the Moscow Symphony Orchestra, which will play excerpts from his modernistic *The Fire Bird* and *Petrushka*.

As the first guest on a new Canadian TV show, triple-tongued Producer **David Susskind**, 41, lost no time unsettling citizens on both sides of the border. Kissing off Canada as "a great chunk of geography limping painfully toward anonymity," he quickly turned to a much broader subject—Susskind. "I would like very much to go into politics," he said. President? "No Jewish person can be President of the United States. A Catholic just barely made it." Senator? Yes. "I'd like to go into that solemn chamber, and make some sense."

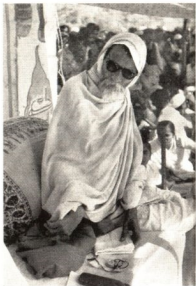
In a somber, 400-word statement printed in his own London Times, **Baron Astor of Hever**, 76, who was born in



BARON ASTOR
Sad parting.

New York City and is the great-great-grandson of fur-trading Millionaire John Jacob Astor, announced that though he loves England dearly and will remain a loyal citizen, he simply cannot afford to die there. Because a newly adopted finance act imposes an 80% death duty on real property held overseas by any British subject who dies at home, Lord Astor, who owns an estimated \$40 million in U.S. real estate, has decided to spend his last years in Southern France. "It is my firm hope," he wrote, "that as a result, my descendants will be enabled to continue to uphold the family traditions and responsibilities."

It was only for an hour, but in that brief time some 5,000 Indians and Pakistanis forgot their quarrels. From both sides of the border at West Dinajpur they gathered to joke, sip tea and pay homage to **Vinoba Bhave**, 67, a disciple of Mahat-



VINOBA BHAVE
Fond greeting.

ma Gandhi's cult of Sarvodaya (Order of Truth and Non-Violence), who had just ended a 16-day walk across East Pakistan. Preaching the "oneness of humans" and asking for donations of land for redistribution among the local landless, the *acharya* (teacher), who in the past eleven years has walked 40,000 miles on his mission, was mobbed by both Moslems and Hindus on his latest trek, collected 120 precious acres in all.

At playing peekaboo with a process server, Mystery Man **Howard Hughes**, 56, has no peer. Until Hughes's lawyers finally accepted service three weeks ago, the directors of Trans World Airlines had tried in vain for nearly a year to slap him with a subpoena in a \$115 million damage suit. All the while, TWA had an artful dodger of its own: **Ernest R. Breech**, 65, the airline's board chairman and former head of Ford, who has steered clear of New York State to avoid being nailed with a Hughes summons in a \$336 million countersuit. Breech proved a mere nophyte at the game. Flying home to Detroit from a board meeting in Boston, Breech was peacefully ensconced in his seat when at 8:30 p.m. a Hughes process server ambled over and dropped a summons in his lap. Was it valid? Sure enough, at the time the subpoena was served, the plane was 25,000 ft. over Albany—in New York State.

Sold in an El Paso bankruptcy court: the assets of Texas Farm Boy **Billie Sol Estes**, 37, whose wealth, most of it tied up in what proved to be misbegotten fertilizer and grain-storage contracts, was estimated at \$20 million before his shenanigans were discovered. Price to a San Antonio businessman named Morris Jaffe—who will pay off Billie Sol's creditors: \$5,800,000.

THE PRESS

An American Genealogy

(12.4.27) DURIE (Kerr) MALCOLM (Isabel O. Cooper, 11.30.4). We have no birth date. She was born Kerr, but took the name of her stepfather. She first married Firmin Desloge, IV. They were divorced. Durie then married F. John Bersbach. They were divorced, and she married, third, John F. Kennedy, son of Joseph P. Kennedy, one time Ambassador to England. There were no children of the second or third marriages.

This brief item appeared in a 1957 book that belongs on any alltime worst-seller list: *The Blauvelt Family Genealogy*. It was one of some 25,000 capsule biographies, taking up 1,100 pages, of the descendants of Gerrit Hendricksen (who later became known as Blauvelt), a Dutchman who helped settle New York in 1638. Yet it was to set off a great search—one that tried to distinguish between fact and fiction, between records and rumors. For in its deadpan way, the item plainly said that John Kennedy had been married secretly to someone before he wed Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy.

Declining to Deny. Just who first spotted the paragraph about Family Member No. 12.4.27 remains unknown. But around the spring of 1961, photostatic copies of the page from *The Blauvelt Family Genealogy* began to be passed around. The person showing the page usually knew no more than was printed on it, and depending on who he was, he either accepted it as fact or thought it a good joke. News-men heard about it and, understandably, became curious. The best, fastest, most direct way of checking seemed to be by asking the parties involved: President Kennedy and Mrs. Durie Malcolm Bersbach Desloge Shevlin.

Both sides declined to deny. White House Press Secretary Pierre Salinger even put his refusal to comment off the record. Durie Malcolm, now Mrs. Thomas H. Shevlin, either scoffed at the whole thing as too "ridiculous" to discuss or dismissed queries with the comment: "I'm bored with this." The White House reasoning, no doubt, was that a categorical denial would acknowledge the story and get it into print, whereas off-the-record "no comments" would leave it in a vague limbo where it might eventually die.

All this only whetted interest. In the absence of forthright denials, the story—and the rumors—grew. Last March, *The Realist*, a shabby Greenwich Village periodical, published the fact of the Blauvelt genealogical entry as an "exposé." So, a bit later, did Birmingham's anti-Semitic, anti-Negro circular, *The Thunderbolt* ("The White Man's Viewpoint"). So, in June, did *The Winrod Letter*, a pamphlet put out by the Rev. Gordon Winrod of Little Rock. Racist organizations everywhere photostated these pieces and sent them out as junk mail by the scores of thousands; it is estimated that at least 100,000

were received by mailbox holders in Massachusetts alone.

Beyond Crackpots. By last July, the whole affair had become a subject for widespread conversation—and speculation—throughout the U.S. It had gone far beyond crackpots. U.S. journalists were in a dilemma: if they did not check and it was true, they would look foolish; if they checked too hard on an obvious phony, they were running the risk of smearing the President. British newsmen, perhaps recalling how they had been criticized for suppressing the news about Edward VIII's romance with Wallis Warfield Simpson, now privately chided the U.S. press for



DURIE (1948)
"I've rarely seen him since."

staying silent. Last Sept. 2, recognition in a mass U.S. publication was given for the first time to the fact that the question even existed. The Sunday supplement *Parade* (circ. 10 million) published a reader's letter asking about the truth of the Blauvelt genealogical item; *Parade's* answer was a flat refutation. London's huge Sunday papers, including the respectable Sunday Telegraph and Observer, promptly picked up the *Parade* question-and-answer as a way of getting the story into print.

By this time, it was plain that the lid would not stay on much longer—if, indeed, it was still on at all. And it was natural that the White House might want the "official" version to break in the friendliest possible fashion. As it happened, Philip Graham, proprietor of *Newsweek* and the Washington Post, is a good Kennedy friend. Last week, just after Graham returned from a trip to Europe, his publications broke the story. It denied, on its own responsibility, that Kennedy and Durie Malcolm had ever been married.

The Beginnings. The whole story, however, had its fascinating aspects from the very beginning, combining a dry-as-dust search through records along with the discovery of some eminently flesh-and-blood personages, especially Durie Malcolm.

The Blauvelt genealogy, printed under the auspices of the Association of Blauvelt Descendants and sold at \$30 a copy, was the work of a quiet and patient man named Louis L. Blauvelt. By occupation he was a skilled General Electric tool-maker in Bloomfield, N.J. By preoccupation he was the family historian—and he spent 35 years compiling his tome. He recognized the possibility of error in his preface. Wrote he: "There no doubt will be errors in this work. For the most part these will be the fault of imperfect information that has come to me from one source or another. For this I cannot be blamed, unless it is for accepting it at all."

Louis Blauvelt died in 1939, at the age of 79, just two years after his genealogy was published.

Surviving Blauvelt family members say that "Uncle Louis" was a meticulous researcher and record keeper. For each entry in his genealogy, he kept an index card that referred to the source of his information. The card on Durie Malcolm cites only a letter from Howard Ira Durie of Woodcliff Lake, N.J. Howard Durie says his letter was "conversational," merely stated that he had seen a society column which noted that Durie Malcolm and Jack Kennedy had attended football games together in Miami in 1947.

Blauvelt's daughter, Mrs. William Smith, insists that her father "wasn't sloppy in his work. He worked very hard and conscientiously on this genealogy. He cross-referenced, and was very thorough." But, she says, "I have no idea where the item about a Durie-Kennedy marriage came from. My father must have made a mistake." He was indeed slipshod in the *Parade* in question. He spelled Durie's maiden name *Malcom* instead of *Malcolm*, reversed her first two marriages, and neglected to mention that for a decade before the publication of his genealogy she had been Mrs. Thomas Shevlin.

Bouquets & Corsages. Durie was born on Dec. 30, 1916 to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kerr. By the time she was four, her mother had been divorced and was married to George H. Malcolm, a wealthy Otis Elevator Co. executive. Durie grew up in Chicago's suburban Lake Forest, attended Virginia's Chatham Hall, was a member of the Chicago Junior League, Slim and attractive, she was popular at parties in the early '30s at the Racquet Club, the Service Club, and as a charity-fashion-show model.

Durie's debut in 1934 occurred at an outdoor dance on the family estate, where, society columns recorded, there was "half a ton of gorgeous bouquets and corsages," and "Dede" was "radiant, with golden-brown hair, blue-green eyes and a sunny smile." At the age of 20, on April 3, 1937, in a Presbyterian ceremony, she married John Bersbach, grandson of Judge Theodore Brentano, onetime Minister to Hun-

gary. They honeymooned in a yacht off Florida, tried to settle down in Lake Forest.

The marriage lasted only 14 months. Recalls Bersbach, now a Chicago printing executive: "You know how these divorces are. Somebody testified that they saw me slap her twice. Actually, I've never slapped a woman in my life. She was a darn attractive girl, very vivacious, but she liked to bounce around." The divorce was granted on June 11, 1938.

Just four months later, Durie became engaged to Firmin Desloge IV, scion of an old, wealthy Roman Catholic family in St. Louis. They were married on Jan. 2, 1939, at the winter home of her parents in Palm Beach. After a Nassau honeymoon, they lived in St. Louis for eight years, had one child, also named Durie.

Routine Charges. This marriage ended in divorce on Jan. 24, 1947, based on charges of "general indignities" that are routine in Missouri. Durie claimed that Desloge was "cold and indifferent," refused to take her "to places of amusement," told her that "he did not love her, that he did not want to live with her, and that he wished she would leave him."

Not quite six months later, Durie married Thomas H. Shevlin, son of a famed Yale football end (1902-05) and wealthy Minneapolis lumberman, Thomas Leonard Shevlin. The marriage, at Fort Lee, N.J., on July 11, 1947, was Shevlin's second. His first wife, Lorraine, was the daughter of Pasadena Socialite Princess Laura Orsini; she had first been married to Robert McAdoo, son of President Wilson's Treasury Secretary. She is now married to Kentucky's Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper, and is a good friend of President and Mrs. Kennedy's. In divorcing Shevlin, Lorraine was ultimately granted a lump settlement of \$525,000.

The younger Shevlin prepped at the Hill School, attended Yale only briefly. Says a relative: "Tommy might have been at Yale a week—not even long enough to get his golf clubs unpacked." He worked briefly in the family lumber business, skipped a PT boat during World War II. A friend of the late Ernest Hemingway, Shevlin is an avid big-game hunter, polo player, deep-sea fisherman and golfer. Durie and Tom Shevlin now own a white colonial mansion across North Ocean Boulevard from the Joseph P. Kennedy estate in Palm Beach.

Oscar for Romance. Durie had known the Kennedy family even before moving to Palm Beach; she dated young Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. before the war. No one is now inclined to reminisce on how long she and Jack knew each other, but they dated each other in the winter of 1946-1947.

At that time, Kennedy was 29, a freshman Congressman and an eminently eligible bachelor. Durie was 30, separated and soon to be divorced from Desloge. The two were linked romantically in at least one society column. Wrote the New York World-Telegram's Charles Ventura on Jan. 20, 1947: "Jack (John F.) Kennedy, who won the Navy's highest award for heroism



DURIE & FIRST HUSBAND BERSBACH



SECOND HUSBAND DESLOGE



DURIE & THIRD HUSBAND SHEVLIN

"It's too embarrassing."

by swimming through a sea of flame to rescue two of his PT boat crew, has just been voted another outstanding decoration, Palm Beach's cottage colony wants to give [him] its annual Oscar for achievement in the field of romance . . . giving Durie Malcolm Desloge the season's outstanding rush. The two were inseparable at all social functions and sports events. They even drove down to Miami to hold hands at football games and wager on the horses. Durie is the daughter of the George H. Malcolms of Palm Beach and Chicago. She is beautiful and intelligent. Tiny obstacle to orange blossoms is that the Kennedy clan frowns upon divorce."

"Environment of Strangers." In 1948, shortly after Durie's marriage to Shevlin, ex-Husband Desloge filed suit contesting her custody of the only daughter of their marriage. He charged that Durie had "failed to give said child motherly love and affection by reason of extended absences," was raising the girl "in an environment of strangers," and "was being courted by various and sundry men" before her marriage to Shevlin. An out-of-court agreement split the custody.

Mrs. Henry Huelskamp, who was the child's nurse at the time, says that Durie met Jack Kennedy in the winter of 1946-1947 in Palm Beach. No admirer of Durie, she recalls that Durie was then being squired by "at least three or four other eligible men." Mrs. Huelskamp derides the notion of any marriage. Says she: "We didn't see enough of him to give me the idea that anything like that could have happened. She was very frank with me, and after all I have eyes, and it doesn't strike me that she was very much interested."

"Absolutely False." Just a few days ago, Durie Shevlin herself, for the first time, denied the whole story in detail. Vacationing with her husband at the Grand Hotel e la Pace in Montecatini, Italy, she said: "It's absolutely false and ridiculous. I'm not even sure how the story began. I've been married to Mr. Shevlin for 15 or 16 years, and previously I was married for a short time to John Bersbach and then to Firmin Desloge, by whom I had a daughter who's 20 now. I know the President's family well and have known him for a long time, and saw him years ago at Palm Beach and once went with him and his family to an Orange Bowl game in Miami. I've rarely seen him since." She said that she has never discussed the Jack-and-Durie matter with the Kennedys because "it's too embarrassing."

By now, thousands of people have asked for the most accessible copy of *The Blauvelt Family Genealogy*—in the local history and genealogy reference room of the Library of Congress; hundreds of others have examined a copy in the Washington headquarters of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The White House, in turn, has had hundreds of inquiries as to the authenticity of the paragraph.

To each inquirer goes a carefully worded reply. "The President," it says, "has been married only once—to his wife Jacqueline Kennedy."



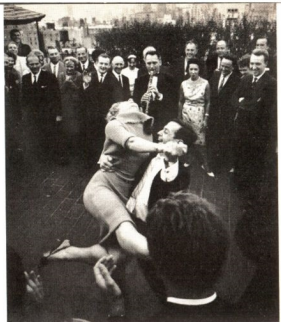
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EATING

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TWISTING AT KEAN PARTY

SHOW BUSINESS

BALLET

On the Town

The girls in their summer dresses might well have arrived by bus from Waterloo, Iowa. Some of the boys looked like members of the chorus of *West Side Story*. Except for the slightly waddling walk that characterizes ballet dancers, few Sunday strollers would recognize them as the youngsters of the Bolshoi on their day off. Every Sunday since they arrived in the U.S. four weeks ago, they have been wandering happily around New York like a family of prize mallards.

All week long they have no time-off at all. Even on tour, the company takes lessons in the morning and rehearses in the afternoon, so a dancer's day begins at 10 a.m. and ends at 11 p.m., when the final curtain drops at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House. They lack time—or money—for gaiety. Though in Moscow their salaries are excellent on the Russian scale (some even have their own cars), the corps de ballet dancers are getting only \$50 a week in the U.S., plus rooms and one free meal a day at the Hotel Governor Clinton. They cannot afford to eat in the better restaurants, and they apparently prefer not to eat in people's restaurants, such as Horn & Hardart's. Most buy groceries and eat cold suppers in their hotel rooms after the evening performance.^o

Also Kottleti. But on Sundays they could relax. Seemingly willing to try anything, they ate goodies that might have produced a sort of ballet ptomaine. Cotton candy. Canarsie pizza. Chocolate ice cream sundaes with thick chocolate syrup and primed with goeey marshmallow sauce. Soft drinks. Spaghetti. *Sosiski* (hot dogs). *Kottleti* (hamburgers). More ice cream (called *ice cream* in Russia).

^o Simultaneously, the New York City Ballet is en route to Moscow. The U.S. dancers took with them dozens of cans of tuna fish, vegetables and soup. Evidently they plan to cook. Ballerina Melissa Hayden reportedly has 24 cans of Sterno in her trunk.

One Sunday, Mrs. Rebekah Harkness Kean, whose great personal fortune had its headwaters in Standard Oil, invited the Russian dancers up for a party. "If they're going to be exposed to capitalism, they might as well get it all in one fell swoop," said Mrs. Kean. No one went hungry at Mrs. Kean's swoop. She lives in a 15-room duplex apartment that covers the entire top of the Hotel Westbury like a two-acre astrakhan hat. She had Russian-speaking waiters up there passing champagne and beef Stroganoff on sterling silver platters. She had Henry Fonda, Robert Preston, Jerome Robbins, Gene Kelly. She had jazzman Ted Straeter, with a five-piece band. The young people of the Bolshoi loved every minute of it. When Straeter flooded the place with twist music, members of the corps de ballet were soon writhing to its rhythms.

Incredible Pyramids. Last week the Russian dancers took a boat ride around Manhattan Island. They stared in utter disbelief at the vast automobile crematoriums of The Bronx, where the dead cars are piled up beside the Harlem River in unstable pyramids. Almost every dancer has a camera—movie or still. Awed by the triple run of traffic on the Major Deegan Expressway, they hastened to record the incredible sight. A sparkling cabin cruiser roared insolently by. A male dancer asked if it was privately owned. "Yes," said an interpreter. The dancer grunted. "It figures."

One girl said she thought New York would be "much worse, darker and more suffocating." Others said they were suffocating anyway, trying to breathe New York's sooty atmosphere after the pure air of Moscow. In Greenwich Village's Washington Square, they talked with shabby slovens, and possibly mistook the beats for the beaten down.

There was little trace of cold war nerves. Once, when a dancer was asked a question in Russian, he demanded suspiciously: "Are you from the State Department?" But most of the time, the Russian

sense of humor, which is generally left at home by everyone, poured out uninhibitedly. At a street festival in the city's principal Italian colony, for example, the group was confronted by an earnest patriot who was trying to pin small American flags to the blouses and lapels of everyone in the jammed crowd. One Russian boy let himself get pinned. Others laughed at him. With a grin, he turned the lapel over, exposing a metal button with a picture of Nasser on it.

HOLLYWOOD

The Feds Faded

Last week the U.S. Justice Department withdrew its objections to MCA's plans to take over both Decca Records and Universal Pictures, a Decca subsidiary. MCA, with its Revue Productions, is already the most successful TV producer in the U.S. Now the company is going to produce feature films, becoming a sort of instant major studio—and perhaps soon the biggest of all.

The Justice Department forced MCA to give up its huge talent agency earlier this year, but that loss is now described by an MCA executive as "a minor distraction." To keep Justice happy, MCA has agreed not to grab any other TV, record or movie companies for seven years. This was intended to suggest the spirit of compromise.

The Justice Department clearly withdrew because Hollywood is becoming Unemploymentsville, with so many pictures now being made abroad. TV and movie unions appealed last month to the President and the Attorney General to let MCA have its way. "Now," said MCA President Lew Wasserman, when the feds faded last week and bulldozers grunted mightily to clear a site for a new 12-story studio office building, "we will see if Hollywood will become a desert. I don't think so. But I could be wrong."



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As dramatic to drive as it is to admire, the new Corvette Sting Ray is available in a coupe or traditional convertible. Both models feature a more torsionally rigid, light chassis, independent rear suspension, retractable headlights, and bigger self-adjusting brakes. Extra-cost options include knock-off aluminum wheels, Fuel Injection and a choice

of Powerglide or a four-speed transmission. The new Corvette Sting Ray is America's most advanced car, and it offers more genuine excitement per mile than any car of its kind. You may have to wait a while to get one, but it'll be worth the wait. Believe us! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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untampered-with Corvair. It features all of the exciting over-the-road goodness that you've come to expect from Corvair and the optional-at-extra-cost Spyder equipment (150 horsepower) and genuine knock-off wire wheels move it a shade closer to a true sports car, but that's it. Oh yes, we changed the rings around the taillights so all those people you pass will know you're driving a '63.

CHEVROLET

It's Chevy Showtime '63! - See the Go Show at Your Chevrolet Showroom

SCIENCE



SPRAYING GRASSHOPPERS IN MONTANA
A Biblical plague banished.

OTTO HASEL

BIOLOGY

Pesticides: The Price for Progress

"There was once a town in the heart of America where all life seemed to be in harmony with its surroundings." It had fertile farms, prosperous farmers, birds in the trees, fish in the streams, and flowers blooming gaily along the roadsides. Then a white powder fell from the sky like snow, and a fearful blight crept over the land. Cattle and sheep sickened; hens could not hatch their eggs. Strange illnesses appeared among the people; children were stricken at play and died within a few hours. The birds sang no more, the fish in the streams died, and the roadsides were lined with browned vegetation as if swept by fire.

Such is the picture drawn of the future in *Silent Spring*, a new book by Rachel Carson, whose *The Sea Around Us* earned her a reputation not only as a competent marine biologist but as a graceful writer. Miss Carson's deadly white powder is not radioactive fallout, as many readers will at first assume. The villains in *Silent Spring* are chemical pesticides, against which Miss Carson has taken up her pen in alarm and anger, putting literary skill second to the task of frightening and arousing her readers. Published this week, the book has already raised a swirl of controversy about the danger to man and wildlife of those modern chemical compounds that have vastly increased agricultural production, banished some diseases, and kept at bay the most bothersome and harmful of insects and rodents.

As Miss Carson sees it, the accomplishments are not worth the price. She explains that no single town has suffered all the misfortunes from spraying and dusting that she describes; "yet every one of these disasters has actually happened somewhere, and many real communities have already suffered a substantial number of them. A grim specter has crept upon us, and this imagined tragedy may easily become a stark reality."

As Bad as the Borgias. The bulk of Miss Carson's book is support for this nightmare curtain raiser. In a chapter titled "Elixirs of Death," she lists the synthetic insecticides, beginning with DDT, that came into use at the end of World War II. All of them are dangerous, she says without reservation. Already they are everywhere: in soil, rivers, ground water, even in the bodies of living animals and humans. "They occur in mother's milk," she says, using emotion-fanning words, "and probably in the tissues of the unborn child." And worse is to come. "This birth-to-death contact," she warns, "contributes to the progressive buildup of chemicals in our bodies and so to cumulative poisoning. We are in little better position than the guests of the Borgias."

There is no doubt about the impact of *Silent Spring*; it is a real shocker. Many unwary readers will be firmly convinced that most of the U.S.—with its animals, plants, soil, water and people—is already laced with poison that will soon start taking a dreadful toll, and that the only hope is to stop using chemical pesticides and let the age-old "balance of nature" take care of obnoxious insects.

Scientists, physicians, and other technically informed people will also be shocked by *Silent Spring*—but for a different reason. They recognize Miss Carson's skill in building her frightening case; but they consider that case unfair, one-sided, and hysterically overemphatic. Many of the scary generalizations—and there are lots of them—are patently unsound. "It is not possible," says Miss Carson, "to add pesticides to water anywhere without threatening the purity of water everywhere." It takes only a moment of reflection to show that this is nonsense. Again she says: "Each insecticide is used for the simple reason that it is a deadly poison. It therefore poisons all life with which it comes in contact." Any housewife who has sprayed flies with a bug bomb and managed to survive without poisoning should spot at least part of the error in that statement.

But Author Carson's oversimplifications and downright errors only serve to highlight a question that has bothered many Americans: Just how dangerous are insecticides? Experts of the Department of Agriculture and the U.S. Public Health Service readily admit that some of them are extremely poisonous to humans as well as to insects and other pests. Parathion, an organic phosphate used against mites and other highly resistant insects, is so deadly that men who spray it must wear respirators and protective clothing.

A few related chemicals are almost as dangerous, but luckily they break down quickly into harmless substances and so leave no poisonous residue on fruits and vegetables or in the soil. Their disadvantage is that they can poison farm workers who handle them carelessly. Miss Carson describes these very rare accidents and gets shock effect out of them, but they are comparable to accidents caused by careless handling of such violent industrial chemicals as sulfuric acid. The highly toxic phosphates are no menace to the general public, which seldom comes in contact with them.

DDT in Every Meal. The chlorinated hydrocarbons, on the other hand (including the familiar DDT), are used in enormous quantities by almost everyone. Much of Miss Carson's case against spraying depends on her contention that DDT and its near chemical relatives are poisonous to humans, especially since they tend to accumulate in fatty tissues. Experts do not agree. A mere trace of DDT kills insects, but humans and other mammals can absorb large doses without damage. Dr. Wayland J. Hayes, chief of the toxicology section of the U.S. Public Health Service in Atlanta says that every meal served in the U.S. probably contains a trace of DDT, but that this is nothing to worry about. He and his co-workers fed 200 times the normal amount to 51 convict volunteers. The insecticide accumulated in their bodies for about one year and then was excreted as fast as it



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arrived. The human guinea pigs felt no ill effects, and doctors pronounced them as healthy as a control group that got the same diet without extra DDT.

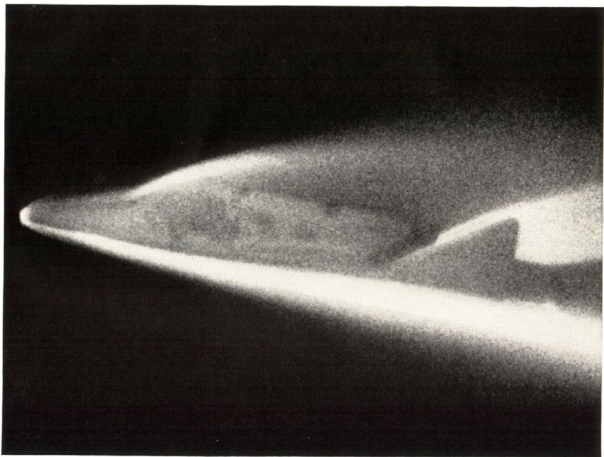
Exaggerated Importance. While many insecticides are roughly as harmless as DDT, others are considerably more poisonous to humans. But in the opinion of respected experts of the U.S. Public Health Service, none have done appreciable damage to the U.S. public or are likely to do so. In heavily sprayed cotton-growing areas of the Mississippi Delta, says Assistant Surgeon General Dr. D. E. Price, health is as good as in sparingly sprayed neighboring areas. The same report comes from California, where insecticides are heavily sprayed on orchards and fields. Says Robert Z. Rollins, chief of the division of chemistry of the California department of agriculture: "Pesticides used properly present no threat to people, no matter how widespread their use becomes."

Humans generally protect their domestic animals from any ill effects; wildlife does not fare as well. Wild animals, birds, fish, and friendly insects are among the valued inhabitants of the U.S., and a good part of Miss Carson's book tells about the deadly effect of wholesale spraying on these pleasant and harmless creatures. In vivid language, she tells how DDT spraying to protect elm trees from Dutch elm disease nearly wiped out the bird populations of many Midwestern cities, how fruitless attempts to exterminate the imported fire ant of the South by airplane dusting with dieldrin had dire effects on many kinds of wildlife.

Even scientist defenders of pesticides admit that these things have happened, but they maintain that their importance is exaggerated. According to the Entomological Society of America, only c.28% of the 640 million acres of U.S. forest land is treated annually, and 613 million acres have never been treated. Insecticides are used mostly on crop lands, which have little wildlife, and on human residential areas to protect shade trees—the use that causes the most conspicuous damage to wildlife.

One result is the wholesale death of robins, which form a large part of suburban bird populations. The robins live on earthworms (that is why they are plentiful in the suburbs, where worm-bearing lawns abound), which concentrate insecticides without being damaged themselves. When the robins eat these insecticide-full worms, they die. The slaughter may continue for several years, until the DDT in the soil has disintegrated.

Elms v. Robins. Death chains of this sort are fortunately not common. A report published by the Wilson Ornithological Society says that most spraying does little damage to most birds, and still less to wild mammals. Fish are more sensitive; when certain insecticides are washed into streams or lakes, they are apt to kill everything that moves on fins. Perhaps the worst effect on birds is the reduction of edible insects, which are important food for many species. But the damage is



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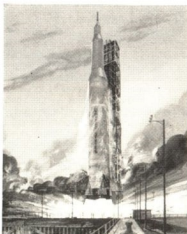
up to 18,000 miles an hour, altitude conditions into space and temperatures to 14,000° F. Used extensively in Boeing's U.S. Air Force X-20 (Dyna-Soar) and Minuteman ICBM research, this hypervelocity tunnel helps solve problems of space re-entry.

Capability has many faces at Boeing



THREE-ENGINE 727. Scale model shows Boeing 727 short-range jetliner. First flight is scheduled for this winter. Deliveries begin in 1963. American, Eastern, Lufthansa, TWA and United airlines have ordered 127 Boeing 727s.

ADVANCED SATURN in drawing, right, will be world's largest rocket, some 350 feet high. Boeing holds NASA contract to develop, build and test S-IC first-stage booster, developing thrust equal to about 160,000,000 horse power.



SEA SIMULATOR. Boeing-built electronic device tests autopilot Boeing is designing and manufacturing for high-speed U.S. Navy hydrofoil vessels. The hydrofoil, its dynamics, and the sea are simulated by a computer. The system can simulate anything from flat calm to a hurricane, with all results observed and tabulated.

BOEING

not complete; not even Miss Carson can point to a single sizable sprayed area where "no birds sing."

To answer insistent complaints, the National Academy of Sciences sponsored a careful study of pesticide damage to wildlife. Its conclusion: the damage, though always regrettable, is not disastrous, and the damaged wildlife population generally recovers in a few years. Sometimes it may be necessary, remarks the Academy, to choose between elms and robins, both of which have their partisans.

Insect Paradise. Lovers of wildlife often rhapsodize about the "balance of nature that keeps all living creatures in harmony," but scientists realistically point out that the balance was upset thousands of years ago when man's invention of weapons made him the king of beasts. The balance has never recovered its equilibrium; man is the dominant species on his planet, and as his fields, pastures and cities spread across the land, lesser species are extirpated, pushed into refuge areas, or domesticated.

Some species, most of them insects, benefit increasingly from man's activities. Their attacks on his toothsome crops are as old as recorded history—the Bible often refers to plagues of locusts, cankerworms, lice and flies—but their damage was only sporadically serious when population was small and scattered. Modern, large-scale agriculture offers a paradise for plant-eating insects. Crops are grown year after year in the same or nearby fields, helping insect populations to build up. Many of the worst pests are insect invaders from foreign countries that have left their natural enemies behind and so are as free as man himself from the check of nature's balance.

Agricultural scientists try hard to find ways to check insect pests by tricks of cultivation. They import the ancient enemies of invading foreign insects and foster the resident enemies of native pests. They are developing bacterial diseases to spread pestilence among insect populations. Because these tactics alone are seldom enough to protect the tender plants of modern, high-yield farms, the use of insecticides is economically necessary. Tests run by the Department of Agriculture show that failure to use pesticides would cost a major part of many crops; a 20-year study proved that cotton yields would be cut by 40%. Production of many kinds of fruit and vegetables would be impossible; unsprayed apple trees, for instance, no longer yield fruit that is sound enough to be marketed.* Potato flies swept by the Colorado beetle or late blight (the fungus that caused the great Irish potato famine of 1846) yield hardly any crop.

A Quandary of Surpluses. Chemical insecticides are now a necessary part of modern U.S. agriculture, whose near-miraculous efficiency has turned the an-



APOLLO SPACEMEN®
To ring around the moon, a skull full of skills.

cient tragedy of recurrent famine into the biologically happy problem of what to do with food surpluses. Says Entomologist George C. Decker of the Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station: "If we in North America were to adopt a policy of 'Let nature take its course,' as some individuals thoughtlessly advocate, it is possible that these would-be experts would find disposing of the 200 million surplus human beings even more perplexing than the disposition of America's current corn, cotton and wheat surpluses."

Many scientists sympathize with Miss Carson's love of wildlife, and even with her mystical attachment to the balance of nature. But they fear that her emotional and inaccurate outburst in *Silent Spring* may do harm by alarming the nontechnical public, while doing no good for the things that she loves.

SPACE Nine More Astronauts

As the U.S. space program raises its horizons, new and younger men are needed to perform the difficult tasks that deeper space exploration demands. Last week in Houston the National Aeronautics and Space Administration unveiled its second batch of astronauts—nine young spacemen on whose shoulders will ride much of the success of the U.S. race to the moon. Since they will be national heroes as well as hard-working technicians, it is only fitting that all are handsome, married (average: two children), and with good backgrounds and college educations. They are slightly younger than the first batch (32.5 v. 34.5 for the older group when selected) and for the first time include civilians—two of them.

Behind their pleasant façades are

impressive records of experience and achievement. All were test pilots with an average of 2,800 flying hours each, 1,900 of them in jets. Four are Air Force pilots, three Navy; the two civilians came from NASA and General Electric. They were selected from 253 applicants over a period of many months. Sixty-three lasted through the initial screening, and 32 of those were selected for elaborate mental and physical testing. One was eliminated at this stage as too tall (maximum allowable height: 6 ft.), and 31 went to Houston for the finals.

The new astronauts will begin their training on Oct. 1. The first phase will be catching up with the Mercury program, but they will not be trained as pilots of the Mercury capsule. As potential Gemini and Apollo pilots, who may rendezvous around the moon or even land on it, they must learn esoteric subjects—including computer theory and celestial mechanics—that have to do with active space navigation. Their capsules will maneuver more or less freely, changing their orbits and trying to join other orbiting objects. The new astronauts will carry along their own propulsion systems and navigation instruments, and will wrestle with the strange and complicated forces that govern the motion of bodies in space. Thus, the brains of the nine young spacemen will have to contain knowledge and skills that have never before been crammed into a human skull.

* Left, rear: Neil A. Armstrong; Lieut. Commander John W. Young, U.S.N.; Captain James McDivitt, U.S.A.F. Second row: Elliot M. See Jr.; Captain Thomas P. Stafford, U.S.A.F.; Captain Edward H. White II, U.S.A.F. Foreground: Lieut. Commander James A. Lovell Jr., U.S.N.; Lieut. Charles Conrad Jr., U.S.N.; Major Frank Borman, U.S.A.F.

* In the smaller orchards of prespraying days, fruit had a better chance to escape heavy insect damage, and since quality standards were lower, moderately damaged fruit often went to market.



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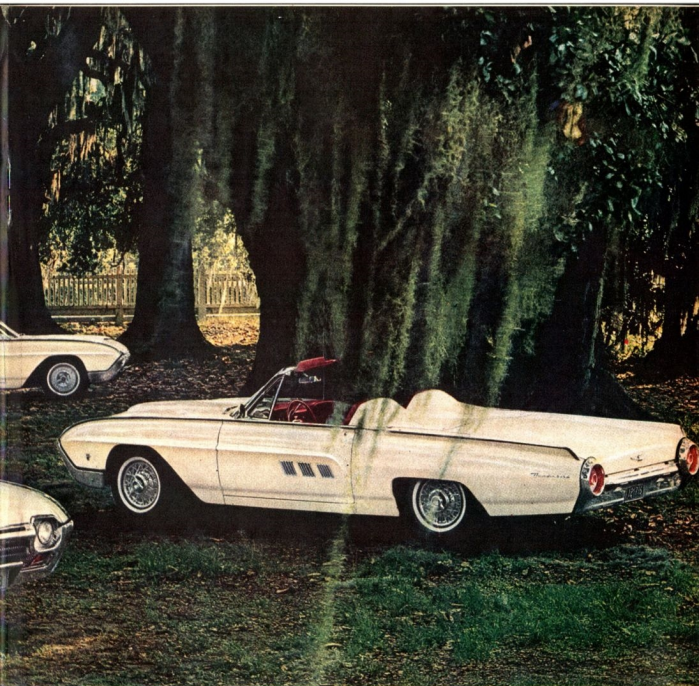
Let Thunderbird welcome you with the gallant wave of its Swing-Away steering wheel. Settle easily in its

deep-foam contour seats. Ride serenely in a world where the only echo is this car's almost intuitive response.

And whether *your* Thunderbird is the sophisticated Landau or a sparkling hardtop, convertible or Sports Roadster, read these surprising facts carefully:

Thunderbird costs less than any other true luxury car.

And year after year, its traditionally high resale value protects your investment. Start living in the Thunderbird tradition. Discuss it with a Ford dealer. You'll find it a proud tradition. A most *practical* one as well.



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RELIGION

Methodist Doubts

The proposed union of four major American Protestant churches is a cart with four wheels—and one of the wheels is slow to turn. The Presbyterian and Episcopal churches and the United Church of Christ continue generally to favor the dramatic project that Presbyterian Eugene Carson Blake put forth in 1960. But the largest denomination involved, the 10 million-member Methodist Church, has deep doubts. Washington's John Wesley Lord, though he is one of the few Methodist bishops who speak out strongly in favor of merger, says: "Methodists have the least enthusiasm, and with good reason. We're strong; what do we need?"

Many, like Chicago's Bishop Charles W. Brashers, fear that all talk of complete merger is just that—all talk. Says Brashers: "Talk of unity can be a red herring to keep us from doing something that we should be doing."

Within the atmosphere of general hesitancy, many Methodist clergymen see specific obstacles to merger:

► "We look at the proposal and we don't see how it would work," says Detroit Bishop Marshall Russell Reed. "As long as the Episcopal Church holds to apostolic succession, I don't see how there could be a merger." A basic difference between the Methodists and the Episcopalians centers on the Episcopal belief that a minister must be ordained by a bishop who himself was consecrated in the line of succession from the time of Christ's Apostles. Methodist ministers are ordained by both a bishop and other elders, who do not claim that they are part of an unbroken chain back to the time of Christ.

► "Any proposed merger would involve concessions on someone's part," says Dr. William D. White, pastor of the Elmhurst (Ill.) Methodist Church. "For instance, Methodists are against drinking, while Episcopalians believe in moderation."

► "I have no doubt that churches and denominations can be too small to function effectively in the world. I am just as sure that they can be too big, and I suggest that 20 million members may be too big," says Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles. "If I could cast one vote which would make all Christians Methodists, I would not cast the vote."

► "I'm very much interested in unity, but I'm not interested in union," argues Dr. Theodore Palmquist, pastor of Washington's Foundry Methodist Church. "In Protestantism, division is our strength because we allow for differences in opinion. If you're more emotional you can go to an emotional church; if you like ritual, you could choose the Episcopal Church."

A recent Boston University poll of

Methodist clergy and laymen found only 23% advocating that Methodists "should seek full union with all Christian bodies willing to explore the possibility." Sixty-three per cent preferred that Methodists only cooperate with other Christian bodies in activities that can be done better together than separately. Says the Rev. H. F. Lawhorn of Atlanta's Capitol View Methodist Church: "We ought to remember what Christ said—Other sheep have I, not of this fold."

Quiet Healers

A faith healer, as loyal TV watchers know, is likely to be a hot-eyed spellbinder, his eye cocked to the collection plate and his theology about as solidly grounded as his gospel tent. But in Philadelphia a fortnight ago, the suffering who



RUSSELL C. HAMILTON

BLESSING THE SUFFERERS AT ST. STEPHEN'S
The aim: a balance of body, mind and soul.

came forward to be healed—a retarded girl of about six, an old man with ugly facial growth—received a blessing as dignified as the setting: 130-year-old St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. "This is no hocus-pocus," said St. Stephen's Rector Alfred Price from the pulpit. "This is a sacrament you are about to receive—the sacrament of healing."

Episcopalian Price has been holding weekly healing services since 1942. He is warden of the Order of St. Luke the Physician, a group of clergy and laymen, including physicians, who take literally St. James's injunction: "Is any among you sick? Let him call for the elders of the church and let them pray over him." The order insists that "spiritual healing" should be included in the ministry of established Protestant churches, traditionally wary of faith cures. Dominated by Episcopalians, the interdenominational Order of St. Luke exudes a well-bred approach that would shock Oral Roberts out of his snap-on microphone. There are no mountains of crutches or grandiose claims

to prospective customers. Miracles are rarely mentioned.

The Strength to Live. Although operating with the approval of their bishops, St. Luke ministers usually offer a separate healing service in order to avoid offending regular churchgoers who are "not ready" for the emphasis on healing. They attempt to heal the mind and spirit as well as the body. A minister often considers his prayers answered if the sufferer is given the strength to live with his affliction.

Episcopal faith healers acknowledge the efficacy of modern medicine and recognize that many "cures" are of psychosomatic illnesses. Explains St. Stephen's Price: "The balance of body, mind and soul is upset, and sickness follows. We can pray, and with God's help we can restore the proper balance." Conversely, doctors in the order credit spiritual healing with supplying what medicine often flagrantly omits: compassion and hope. At

the order's recent meeting, Surgeon William Standish Reed spoke scathingly of hospitals that are "empires of stone, science and machinery, where the patient is the last to be considered."

Steamed Up. The Order of St. Luke was founded in 1947 by Dr. John Gayner Banks of San Diego's St. Luke's Episcopal Church. When Banks died in 1955, his widow took over the editorship of the St. Luke magazine, *Sharing*, and Price became the order's warden. According to Ethel Banks, the number of U.S. churches offering healing services has grown steadily, from 14 in 1947 to 460 today (about 95% of them Episcopalian). The order now has 4,200 members in 85 countries.

For all their soft-sell approach, St. Luke ministers get steamed up about the unwillingness of most respectable churchmen to pray for cures. Says Price: "No matter how we may look down our noses at some of those who use God's power on behalf of healing, we must wish that his church would take over this responsibility from them—not abandon it to them."

♦ Largest Christian church is the Roman Catholic, which claims more than 41 million believers in the U.S., 550 million in the world.



Grand Entrance:

IMPERIAL

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To everyone who plans to buy an Imperial, Cadillac or Lincoln this year

If you'd like the best perspective on the qualities a luxury car can offer, begin with a drive in the new Imperial for 1963.

It is the first luxury car so carefully engineered and built that its power-train is warranted for five full years or 50,000 miles, whichever occurs first.*

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MODERN LIVING

THE CITY Doing Over the Town

The cloud-capped towers and echoing canyons of Manhattan have long been a beacon for immigrants, a bonanza for photographers and a familiar profile to its citizens. But in the past five years, new towers have reared skyward, old landmarks have disappeared, and vistas have opened with such suddenness that a returning native would scarcely know the place. Manhattan is in the midst of a building boom that in volume, value and variety is unmatched in the history of the human race. Even oldtime Manhattanites have been startled into a sharp awareness of their city's dramatic angularity and inexhaustible enterprise as they peer at it from their new tower offices, or come upon an open plaza where once there was only a narrow sidewalk.

This sudden architectural flowering is only an outward manifestation of the spirit of the world's richest and most incredible city—a clangorous concatenation of wealth and squalor, the crowded island that is a center of culture and a hotbed of crime, a place where everything is for sale, and anything can be done. This tremendous outpouring of energy and treasure ranges from apartment houses to bus terminals, from office buildings to slum-clearance projects (see color pages).

Culture Complex. This week with John D. Rockefeller III on the stage, Leonard Bernstein on the podium, Jacqueline Kennedy in the audience, and a nationwide TV audience looking on, Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts made its debut with the opening of the \$15.4 million Philharmonic Hall. It is still surrounded by a pocked and chugging wasteland of bulldozers and derricks, power shovels and cement mixers, which will eventually be a 14-acre landscaped park containing a repertory theater, a theater for dance and opera, a library-museum, a building to house the Juilliard School of music, and (by 1965) the new \$35 million Metropolitan Opera House. When completed in 1966, Lincoln Center will be a \$142 million complex, and the most important cultural center in the U.S.

Ten blocks to the south, there was a different kind of opening with its own brand of superlativity: the tallest hotel in the world. The Americana zooms up 50 stories in a kind of crescent on Seventh Avenue between 52nd and 53rd streets. Like its rival, the 46-story still-unfinished New York Hilton a block away, the Americana will help remedy Manhattan's constant shortage of public rooms by supplying them in all sizes and shapes. There are 41 of them in all, seating a total of 11,290 diners (the seven kitchens occupy nearly an acre and contain such housewife nightmares as dishwashers capable of sterilizing 15,000 pieces of glass or crockery an hour and potato-peelers that can skin 75 potatoes a minute). Very Important People may be whisked upstairs in a pri-

vate automobile elevator without setting foot on sidewalk.

30-Story Insects. The bill for this vast renovation job dwarfs some small nations' total budgets. In 1961 the total value of private construction prospects in the city's five boroughs, not including public works or utilities, amounted to \$1,184,100,000. Part of the 1961 boom is attributable to the rush to get under the wire before the new zoning regulations⁹ went into effect.

Like any family having the house done over, New Yorkers have had to put up with a lot of inconvenience. Construction



FLATIRON BUILDING GOING UP (1962)

For new people, new palaces.

work has cramped four-lane side streets to single lanes of crawling cars flanked by piles of steel beams, cinder blocks, bricks, sand, window frames, concrete mixers and oversized trucks. Sidewalks disappear suddenly into mazy tunnels of love as pedestrians are routed around and through and up and down the encroaching construction. Familiar clusters of shops and houses turn abruptly into yawning chasms four stories deep, in which men and machines maneuver like toys. Dark lattices of girders loom like skeletons, and everywhere

⁹ The new zoning ordinance establishes a relation between height and space at the base of buildings that will encourage high buildings with large open spaces for promenades, plazas, fountains and pools. It is designed to end the ugly set-back "zigzags" that resulted when contractors tried to get the most space for the least money under the old regulations.

the towering necks of cranes stab 300 ft. into the sky, moving with ponderous delicacy, like 30-story insects. Riveters, trip hammers, pneumatic drills, earth movers, rock blasters, and horns honking in the resulting traffic jams add to the noise of what is already the noisiest city in the world.

But for all the inconvenience, New York's booming construction is a miracle of logistics; getting 35,000 tons of mica schist out of the ground and getting more tons of steel, concrete, glass and machinery in while the traffic flows is a marvel of coordination and timing comparable to mounting an amphibious landing in heavy weather with troops who fight only an eight-hour day.

• **PARK AVENUE.** Out of all this effort has come a new elegance. The drab stretch of heavy-looking, aging apartment houses between 46th and 59th has been transformed into one of the architectural showplaces of the world—a glittering half-mile of tinted glass towers reflecting each other and the changing sky by day, glowing and blazing by night like gigantic jewels. The floating tourmaline lightness of Lever House and the rich, understated dignity of Mies van der Rohe's bronze Seagram Building set the style for a lavish squandering of space for plazas and fountains.

• **WEST SIDE.** The Avenue of the Americas (more familiarly known as Sixth Avenue), until recently a no-man's land of pawnshops, sleazy bars and purveyors of girlie magazines interrupted only by a part of Rockefeller Center, has suddenly acquired a community of handsome new office buildings, starting with the 48-story TIME & LIFE Building and including the 42-story Equitable Life Building, the unfinished Sperry Rand Building, and the Hilton Hotel, which boasts that its tinted glass will make it "the first blue skyscraper to be added to the New York skyline." Still to come is the new CBS Building, a clean, 38-story tower sheathed in green granite and set in its own sunken plaza, designed by the late Eero Saarinen.

• **EAST SIDE.** Another transformed avenue is Third, where the gin mills and high-class junkshops that once flourished in the dappled darkness under the elevated have given way to vast air-conditioned skyscrapers, into which many Madison Avenue advertising men have migrated. Thrift shops have become antique shops, antique shops have become decorating establishments, and the bars have become somewhat self-conscious period pieces. North of 57th Street, old trolley barns and quick-lunch cafeterias have been replaced by some of the city's most impressive apartment houses, some of them grandly set in their own block-long parks.

• **DOWNTOWN.** The time is long gone when the Flatiron Building was an architectural astonishment, and when the Woolworth Building held sway as the tallest in the world, but even the old soil that was the birthplace of the skyscraper has sprouted new towers. The area received a massive booster shot this year with the completion of David Rockefeller's 60-story Chase Manhattan Bank



RIDING CREST OF BUILDING BOOM, biggest in city's history. New York is spending more on new construction than combined expenditures of 13 states, is swarming with projects ranging from culture center and skyscrapers to heliports and

new bus station (above). Bus stop, astride 12-lane expressway leading to George Washington Bridge, cost \$14 million, was designed by Italy's famed Pier Luigi Nervi with vented roof to allow fresh Hudson River breezes to carry off exhaust fumes.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY J. ALEX LANGLEY



SKYSCRAPER BANK on lower Manhattan is 60-story-high headquarters of Chase Manhattan. Excavation in foreground next year will be bank's 1½-acre multilevel plaza.

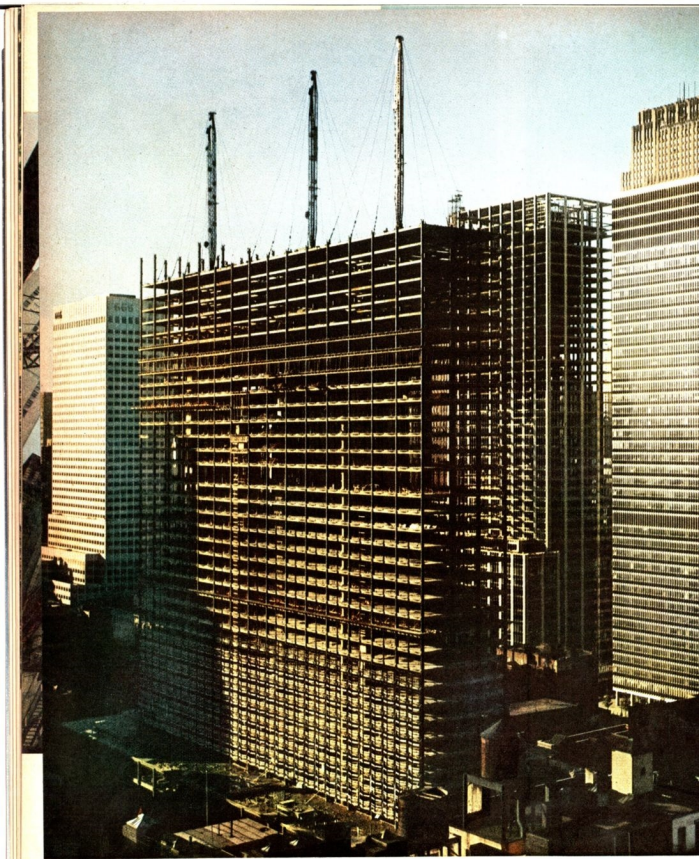
REHABILITATED THIRD AVENUE, once choked by El and haunt of bums and boozing newspapermen, has had street widened, trees planted, and gained \$1 billion in new buildings in six years since antiquated El was removed.





GLASS CURTAIN WALL, mark of new office buildings, can make for monotony, but Uris Buildings Corp.'s 2 Broadway

provides sparkling backdrop for sculpture on 1907 Custom House, work of Cass Gilbert, architect of Woolworth Building.



CRESCENDO OF MIDTOWN CONSTRUCTION around Rockefeller Center, built in the 1930s, creates a pile-up of new hotel, offices and apartment houses on the long-ignored Avenue of the Americas. Panorama shot shows still abuilding 46-story



New York Hilton (*left*), 43-story Sperry Rand, 42-story Equitable (with 20-year-old, 70-story RCA Building behind), 48-story TIME & LIFE, and the just finished Americana Hotel (*right*) on Seventh Avenue. In distance is Empire State Building.

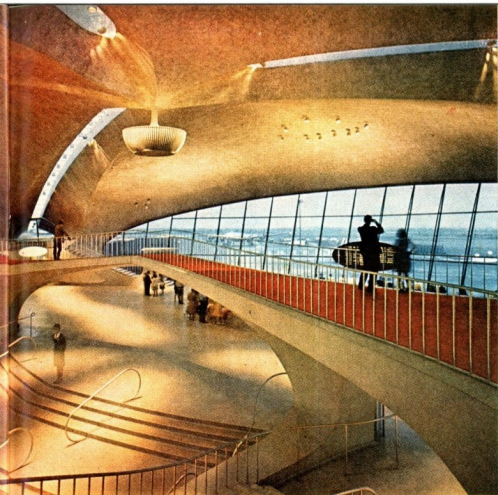


HIGH-ARCHED SHOE SHOP, designed by Architect Victor Lundy on Fifth Avenue for I. Miller, combines laminated strips of hemlock with mirrors to create an elegant, luxurious setting for sales.



TWIN MOVIE HOUSES, called Cinema I & II on Third Avenue, are first new movie theaters in Manhattan since 1932. Small capacities (750 and 300) suit lucrative foreign-film audiences.





STREAMLINED TERMINAL, designed by late Eero Saarinen for TWA at Idlewild International Airport, echoes forms of flight in soaring concrete vaults.



NEW POWER PLANTS at Ravenswood Station in Queens cost \$130 million, will add 800,000 kilowatts to feed city's insatiable demand for more and more electric power. New plants

will burn oil rather than coal, thereby cut down on air pollution. But just to keep up with power demand, Consolidated Edison will have to invest \$600,000 a day over next five years.



REPLACING SLUMS in lower Manhattan is Chatham Green housing proj-

ect. Behind the curving façade are Municipal Building, U.S. Court House,

BUILDING BOROUGH of Queens tops even Manhattan in new construction. At right is \$20 million Park City Estates; in distance, 40-acre Lefrak City.



NEW TOWN HOUSE on East 63rd St., owned by Publisher John Hay Whitney, perpetuates tradition of gracious living.





EAST HARLEM HOUSING contrasts new state-subsidized high-rise apartments (*left*), where seven rooms rent for \$104, with older U.S.-subsidized housing, where six rooms are \$72.20.



COOPERATIVE COMMUNITY in East Harlem, known as Franklin Plaza, consists of 14 20-story buildings. City-built project will have own supermarket, playground and bank.





← NEW STADIUM for last-place Mets is adjacent to 1964 World's Fair site in Flushing Meadows. Seating 55,000, it is fifth largest ball park in U.S., can be expanded to hold 60,000 for football games.

MODERN GALLERY, now being faced with marble, stands on Columbus Circle, five blocks from Lincoln Center. It was designed by Edward D. Stone, will house collection of Huntington Hartford.

LINCOLN CENTER, which will eventually have five structures in 14-acre setting, has just completed its first major building, the \$15.4 million Philharmonic Hall.





PARK AVENUE, only decade ago lined with fashionable apartments, is now prestige address for big corporations. View south shows bronze-sheathed Seagram Building in left fore-

ground; at right are twin Uris brothers-built towers leading to illuminated Union Carbide. Placed athwart avenue is \$100 million Pan Am Building, to be Manhattan's largest office building.

Building, packed with modern art and surrounded by a plaza roughly the size of Venice's Piazza San Marco. The dancing glass wall of No. 2 Broadway brings a note of new brightness to the area's soot-stained limestone. And last week Architect Minoru Yamasaki was commissioned to design the \$270 million World Trade Center, which will occupy a 15-acre site bounded by West, Barclay, Church and Liberty streets, and is planned to bring together all the city's export-import activities and information.

Too Many People. All over town, living rooms, bedrooms and baths are being added at a rate to match the office boom. Slum clearance projects have been marching through Harlem and the Lower East Side; low-cost housing has been supplied by organizations along the lines of the cluster of 22-story cooperative apartment houses recently erected west of Eighth Avenue by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. But the middle class has not been served so well by private builders.

Many of those who have rented apartments for as much as \$100 a room and up in Manhattan's shiniest new apartment buildings have gained in gadgets—built-in air conditioning, modern kitchens, washers and dryers—but they have lost elsewhere. Walls are often paper-thin, floors sag, fireplaces are non-existent, ceilings low and rents high.

Whether or not the new New York is a better place to live in than the old one, it is certainly a better place to work in. Modern office buildings are efficient, self-sufficient communities, containing everything from clinics and barber shops to bars and restaurants. They are air conditioned, which makes them not only cooler in summer but infinitely cleaner all year round (on every square mile of New York City, 89.6 tons of soot fall each month). They are lighter; the hanging curtain wall has made possible many times as much window space. But they have one serious drawback: they are bigger, which means more people, which means more congestion.

Monster Octagon. What this means for New York may be examined in terms of that still-unfinished midtown giant, the Pan American Building, an elongated octagon that stands athwart Park Avenue between the Grand Central Terminal and the once proud Grand Central Building, now diminished to a small shadow against the looming white concrete slab of the Pan Am.

Pan Am claims to be the "world's largest commercial office building." (On the grounds that the Pentagon is not commercial and Chicago's Merchandise Mart is an exhibition hall as well as an office building.) It will have 2,400,000 sq. ft. of rentable space—400,000 more than the Empire State Building, though it is only 59 stories high to the Empire State's 102. No building ever had a more accessible location; it can be reached by train, car, subway, taxi, air. Its roof will be a heliport equipped to handle 25-passenger twin-turbine helicopters; through its cel-

larage rumble some 400 trains daily; and in between, 63 elevators will carry some 25,000 office staffers and executives up and down.

It is these 25,000—and the countless thousands more in other new buildings, plus those who come to do business with them—that are posing a problem for New York as big as the Pan Am Building itself. For New York is a tidal city, and the tide is human.

Some 3,300,000 people enter New York's nine-mile-square "central business district" each day. The decline of city shopping as more stores sprouted in the suburbs has actually lowered the commuter flow by 10% since 1948, but as offices proliferate, the number entering the center of the city at rush hours has increased 4.6%. And as the buses and trains have grown more and more congested, more and more commuters are making things worse than ever by taking to their cars.

Headquarters City. New York is also the major port of entry into the U.S., and Idlewild—the busiest airport in the world—has become a kind of sub-city in itself. As large as all Manhattan from 42nd Street to the Battery, Idlewild has developed a range of consumer services that include banking, dentistry, photographic studios, and a \$275,000 animal motel where bears can bed down for \$3.50 a day, tigers for \$5, bulls for \$7, and wolves for \$3.50.

Even if it seems about to choke on its own traffic, New York is pre-eminently "Headquarters City" for major U.S. business. Thus it will continue to be the center of culture and entertainment; the luxury apartments will not go empty nor the big hotels lack for tourists.

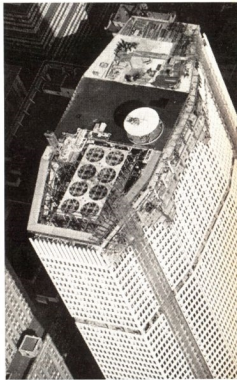
But more and more architecturally conscious Manhattanites think that some sort of order should be imposed on heedless builders, who exercise their free-enterprising right to build with little thought for neighboring buildings and still less for sentimental architecture buffs who mourn the passing of old landmarks. Aroused traditionalists are now battling to save the grand old bulk of Pennsylvania Station, which is scheduled for demolition to make way for two office buildings and a mammoth sports arena. Carnegie Hall was saved, but the old Ritz-Carlton and Brevoort Hotels have fallen to progress and the wrecker's ball.

Monotony or Scale? Among the pros, views of the new boom are mixed. Gordon Bunshaft, chief designer for Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, says flatly: "Architecturally, the general standard is lower than anywhere else in the world." Says Arthur Drexler, director of architecture and design at the Museum of Modern Art: "The bulk of the commercial buildings is only packaged space. About all that can be said of them is that they function mechanically."

Architect Harmon Goldstone finds merit in the much criticized monotony of the glassy new façades. "It gives a certain scale and character that is very important to a cityscape. In the long run, the poor

buildings that are going up will be lost. There are poor buildings in Paris, too, but you really never notice them." But Italy's great Engineer Pier Luigi Nervi perhaps comes closest to Manhattan's essence. Says he: "New York is '*unica, enorme, potente*,' it must be judged as a whole." Park Avenue he declared "*una strada superba*," even found the bulky Pan Am Building "an expression of power."

Spaces & Caves. Manhattan will probably never become a city of handsome spaces. In other times and in other cities, it usually took a prince or a Pope to control the shape of a square or dictate the disposal of an avenue. Manhattan's builders—insurance companies, corporations or speculators—cannot manage



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that; any man with enough money or gumption can put up just about what he likes next door, and block the view they counted on.

But if the total is uncoordinated and the individual creations few, the resultant cityscape still achieves a kind of American exuberance that has its own authority.

On a winter's evening, when the dusk drops suddenly and the lights go on in a thousand offices against the twilight sky, the thrusting towers become a sight like nothing else on earth, having some of the presumed radiance of an Aladdin's cave, something of an underwater seascape, and an unearthly grandeur of scale that suggests a fantasy of hell or an angular heaven. Like the Grand Canyon, it may not be art, but it is breathtaking.

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Babies of Blue Babies

In the 18 years since Johns Hopkins' famed Surgeon Alfred Blalock electrified the medical world by turning "blue babies" into pink and active youngsters, at least 10,000 such invalids since birth have had operations of this type. The number may be closer to 20,000; nobody knows for sure. Until now, nobody has known the fate of these children as they matured. Could they marry and have children themselves? If they did, what were their children's chances of being born with defective hearts?

"Don't Be Discouraged." Last week Pediatrician Helen B. Taussig, 64, who

discourage former blue babies from attempting parenthood. Most of them can achieve it and have healthy offspring.

A striking case is that of Adele Koveda, whose heart defect was diagnosed in infancy before any corrective surgery had been devised. At 17, she had an early Blalock-Taussig operation, and another nine years later. Now 31, and married to Baltimorean Raymond W. Hepner Jr., she has a normal daughter almost three years old, and does her own housework.

Another blue-baby mother has had five normal children. Why the less fortunate ones lose their babies, Drs. Taussig and Neill are not certain. They doubt that it is simply because of oxygen shortage, but



DR. TAUSSIG (RIGHT) WITH ADELE HEPNER & CHILD
Shorter odds, but not prohibitive.

did the basic research on blue babies and suggested the operative approach to Surgeon Blalock, gave an encouraging report on the progress of the 1,700 patients who have had the blue-baby operation at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins. Among these and other victims of congenital heart defects, at least 235 with whom Dr. Taussig has been able to keep in close touch have become parents: 76 men and 159 women. In 160 pregnancies where the father had the heart defect, six children were born malformed, three had heart defects and three had other malformations. The rates were almost identical in 348 cases where the affected parent was the mother: 13 malformed infants, six with heart defects.

The rate of 1.8% for heart defects is about six times the normal average, said Dr. Taussig and Dr. Catherine A. Neill. Blue-baby mothers also had more spontaneous abortions (miscarriages) than the general population. But the researchers felt that the rates were not high enough to

suspect that a little-understood hormone deficiency is involved.

A Fifth Anomaly. Most blue babies, so called from the color of their fingertips and lips, suffer from a set of four inborn defects in the heart and arteries, known as Fallot's tetralogy. The effect is to recirculate much blood from which oxygen has been naturally removed in the veins, and send only part of it to the lungs for re-oxygenation. The Taussig-Blalock operation, devised years before open-heart surgery with a heart-lung machine became possible, is a compromise: it consists of purposely creating a fifth defect—a connection from the aorta to the pulmonary artery—to shunt more blood to the lungs and thus overcome some of the effects of the original four.

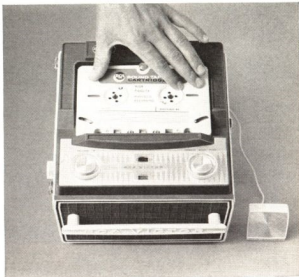
With the heart-lung machine, many surgeons favor a more radical and complex operation in which they repair the basic defects of the major arteries and the chambers of the heart itself. But a

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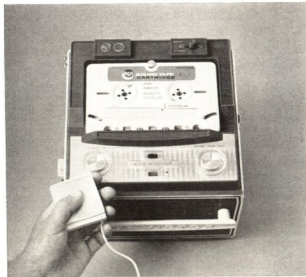
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major problem still confronting the blue babies' doctors is to decide which operation is best suited for each patient, especially since the more drastic operation carries a higher risk. At the Hopkins, Dr. Blalock and his associates still decide to rely on the Taussig or a similar operation about once a week.

Polio Shot Controversy

The nationwide drive to get Americans of all ages vaccinated against polio was snarled last week in a furious controversy over the safety of the Sabin oral vaccine, Type III. Among 1962's relatively few cases of paralytic poliomyelitis (fewer than 450 to date, with the total not expected to exceed 700 for the year) was a handful believed to have been caused by the Sabin vaccine itself. An expert advisory committee called in by the U.S. Public Health Service recommended continuing all Sabin vaccination programs for children, and also ruled Types I and II safe for adults, but left it up to state and local health authorities to decide whether to go on giving Type III to adults.

The weakened strain of Type III poliovirus developed by the University of Cincinnati's Dr. Albert B. Sabin had always been accused by some virologists of occasionally reverting to a dangerous form after multiplying in human vaccinees, and the PHS had delayed its approval for many months until last March. Since then, an estimated 13 million Americans have taken it, many of them in mass "S O S" (Sabin Oral Sunday) campaigns such as the one held in Cleveland last June (TIME, July 6). Up to 5,000,000 of those who took Type III were adults.

At first, no ill effects were reported. But then a cluster of three paralytic cases developed in Oregon within seven to 30 days after vaccination. Nebraska soon had three cases, Michigan and Ohio had two each, and New York had one. Two of these eleven victims were in their teens, but the others were aged 23 to 52. The available evidence, including complex laboratory tests, indicated that in four cases the disease was caused by the vaccine. About the others, the PHS experts withheld judgment.

Because the PHS was so inconclusive, several U.S. cities canceled or postponed their Type III programs, while others, notably Houston, decided to go full steam ahead. Though no medical authority would put it in such down-to-earth terms, the best advice available was to play the odds. An unvaccinated adult stands only one chance in 2,000,000 of getting Type III polio. If all eleven paralytic cases now under suspicion were traced to the vaccine, the takers' risk would be about one in 500,000—and the risk of vaccination would not be justified. Among preschool and school-age children, the risk of getting polio from Type III virus in its natural state is much greater, and the risk of getting it from the vaccine is almost nonexistent. Delay in Type III Sabin vaccinations, until the experts finish their lab studies, is therefore justified for adults, but not for children.

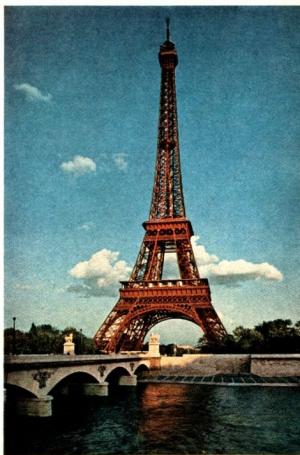


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MILESTONES

Born. To María del Carmen Franco y Polo, Marquesa de Villaverde, 36, raven-haired only child of Spain's Generalísimo Francisco Franco, and Dr. Cristóbal Martínez Bordiu Ortega y Bascarán, tenth Marqués de Villaverde, 40, heart and lung surgeon whose 17th century title puts him a notch below a grandee: their sixth child, fourth daughter.

Married. Sloan Wilson, 42, novelist of the East Coast's well-tailored society; and Betty Joan Stephens, 28, Manhattan public relations girl; he for the second time, she for the first; in Dublin.

Died. Therese Neumann, 64, a zealously religious Bavarian spinster who, beginning in 1926, appeared to suffer stigmata similar to the crucified Christ, bleeding from wounds below her eyes, her heart and on her hands; of a heart attack; in Konnersreuth, Germany. Therese permitted herself to be viewed on Good Fridays by Roman Catholics, many of whom considered her to be a living saint; the Vatican remained neutral and doctors considered her affliction a nervous disorder conditioned by her religious fervor.

Died. Annaser Ledin Allah Ahmad, 66th Imam of Yemen, 71, revered as "The Big Turban" among his 5,000,000 subjects in Islam's most feudal state, a cunning caliph who for 13 years managed to hang onto his throne, his air-conditioned Cadillac, and his 40-woman harem by beheading his foes (among the victims: five of his brothers) and by firmly resisting all thoughts of leading Yemen out of the Arabian night; in his palace at San'a.

Died. Marie, Princess Bonaparte, 80, wealthy widow of Greece's Prince George and great-granddaughter of Napoleon's eldest brother Lucien, who shook off her royal trappings and reputation as "the greatest heiress in France" to become a lay psychoanalyst (she wrote a book analyzing Edgar Allan Poe) and translator of her close friend, Dr. Sigmund Freud; in St.-Tropez, France.

Died. The Rev. Dr. John Leighton Stuart, 86, one of the ablest of the Old China Hands and the last U.S. ambassador on the mainland (1946-53), a spare, scholarly Presbyterian missionary who in 1919 founded China's No. 1 Christian university, American-endowed Yenching, and saw this center of Western learning in the Orient survive Japanese occupation only to become a Marxist-Leninist thought factory; in Washington, D.C. Chosen as ambassador by President Truman's special envoy, General George Marshall, Stuart vainly attempted to bring about a peaceful settlement between China's warring Communists and Nationalists, aptly remarked before the Reds finally shut the open door in 1949, "The trouble is that the Chinese Communists don't think like Chinese."

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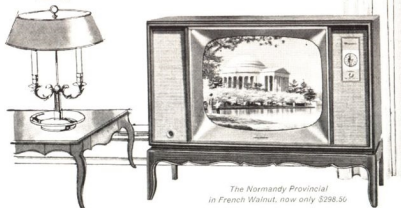
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EDUCATION

First Week at Harvard

The dean of freshmen was pleased to find them "well lopsided." The dean of admissions glowed over their "fascinating mix of talents and interests." Brighter, taller, leaner and more bespectacled than ever, 1,216 freshmen marched into Harvard last week.

One-fifth were sons of fathers who never went to college; 57% came from public schools. Almost 10% entered as sophomores; 30% had scholarships, with a total value of \$462,000. Confidently donning crisp chinos and loafers or white sneakers, they set out frankly to acquire "the Harvard label." Said one boy blandly: "After you get out of Harvard, your contacts are the leaders of the country."

Harvard has a way with such upstarts: it puts them through a first week so dizzyingly busy that newcomers can hardly think straight.

Join, Join, Join. No sooner had each boy been hit with his first-term bill (\$1,307.50) than he was deluged with requests to rent sheets and refrigerators, teach slum kids and visit mental hospitals. There were endless tests, physical and placement, pep talks from coaches and proctors, two presidential teas, and try-outs for everything from the *Crimson* to the Harvard-Radcliffe Orchestra. There were endless forms to fill out, and endless appeals to:

Join the Harvard Young Republicans campaign against Ted Kennedy.

Join the Wireless Club. Join the Music Club. Join the Harvard Band.

Join Tocsin's program for peace and disarmament, backing History Professor H. Stuart Hughes for U.S. Senator from Massachusetts.

Join the Harvard Esperanto Club: "Learn to read 10,000 volumes and join 1,000,000 to 10,000,000 who speak the same language."

Join the Harvard Yacht Club: "We'll use a brand-new fleet of 15 dinghies."

Join the Harvard Humanists, "to bring man's intelligence to bear on the problems which have been so inadequately dealt with by traditional religions."

Join the Natural History Society, "the least controversial group at Harvard."

Buy, Buy, Buy. It was all so wondrously confusing that a couple of upperclassmen peddling "a used dollar for 75¢" worked their way down a long line of waiting freshmen before they got one taker. There was too much to buy:

The Radcliffe Freshmen Register: pictures of all the girls, \$1.

The *Harvard Review*: "Articles by distinguished Harvard men in Cambridge, Washington and around the world."

Comment: "43% of the Harvard student body lead lives of quiet revolution. Another 30% read about it and go on to Business School. If you are in either of these groups, *Comment*, the magazine of politics with a Harvard accent, fills your need."

The *Crimson's* "Conf-Guide": inside scoop on all courses. Sample: Government 130, taught by Presidential Adviser Don K. Price, who "can usually be found in Washington," with the result that "his appearances usually seemed unprepared, were often unintelligible and practically never interesting." Or: "Philosophy 140 explores deductive logic to the immense boredom of everyone, including Professor Willard Quine. The lectures are insulting, the homework assignments mechanical, the sections poor, and the reading-period selections juvenile."

"Very excited and very scared," freshmen went on to cope with seven high-octane discussions based on a summer reading list of nine books, from *The Fox in the Attic* to *The Nature of Violent Storms*. Setting the Harvard tone at the first class assembly, Law Professor Mark

DeWolfe Howe ripped apart *Creeds in Competition* in the presence of its author, noted Lawyer Leo Pfeffer. The first real relief: a "Grant-in-Aid Mixer" dance (happily no longer called a "jolly-up") with Radcliffe freshmen—themselves reeling from swimming tests, fire-rope tests, placement tests and a film on *The Life of the African Bushman*.

At week's end even that consolation vanished. Upperclassmen arrived, took over the Cliffies. But such are the rigors and rewards of getting into Harvard.

Plaintiff: the U.S.

If they work on U.S. bases in the South, Negro civilians and servicemen must send their children to the generally inferior Negro schools. Yet they pay federal taxes to support such segregation: the Government gives some \$75 million a year to help schools in the South's "impacted" areas—those whose local taxes are insufficient to provide schools for an influx of federal workers' children. Is this fair to U.S.-employed Negroes?

Emphatically no, said the Justice Department last week in a significant federal suit involving the Government for the first time as original plaintiff in a school desegregation case. The target: Virginia's Prince George County,* site of Fort Lee, which houses the Army Quartermaster School. While getting hefty impact aid, Prince George last year assigned 117 of Fort Lee's Negro children to Negro schools. The Justice Department goal is not to cut off the aid, but to force an end to segregation. Ultimate aim: the same for about 70 other impacted school districts throughout the South.

* Near Richmond, and not to be confused with Virginia's south-central Prince Edward County, which has closed all public schools to evade integration, Virginia's other regal counties: Prince William, Princess Anne, King George, King William, King and Queen.



FRESHMEN QUEUED UP TO REGISTER AT MEMORIAL HALL

A fascinating mix of well-lopsided talents.



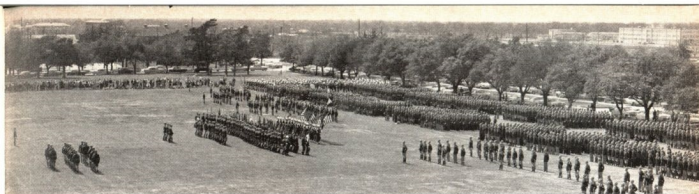
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CADET CORPS ON PARADE IN AGGIELAND
A dwindling catch of well-drilled fish.

Texas Athletic & Military

Were it not a highly useful poor boys' school, costing less than \$800 a year for room, board and tuition, Texas Agricultural & Mechanical College (8,057 men) might best be known as the only campus in the world to combine the mythology of St.-Cyr, Heidelberg and the Alamo. Often called Texas Athletic and Military, it hatches ferocious football players and in both World Wars had more Army officers than West Point.* It is the nation's largest military college and the only land-grant college that still bars women. To some it seems to be dying; to others it seems to be thriving. Even in Texas, it is so improbable that no one can predict its future.

100 Miles to Anywhere. Texas A. & M. is the hub of a 24,801-acre statewide "college system" with ten parts, including Prairie View (Negro) A. & M., the new Gulf Coast Maritime Academy, and the entire Texas Forest Service, which Texas A. & M. administers. A. & M.'s campus computer facilities are among the best in the U.S. It has the biggest activation-analysis lab in the world. It recently developed a new tomato plant tough enough to be machine-harvested, yet obedient enough to grow always to the same height. Among its faculty eminences are top experts on everything from radiation and offshore oil to cholesterol and the boll weevil.

Yet none of these superlatives catch even a whiff of the Aggieland spirit. When A. & M. opened 86 years ago, it was smack in the population center of Texas. Today it is 100 miles from anywhere—Austin, Houston or Waco—and though the site is called College Station, the trains that go through the 5,200-acre campus will stop only for hogs or horses, not humans. People who fly or drive there can see why critics call it "Sing Sing on the Brazos." Looming out of flatland where the lowly "post oak" grows, the school is a cluster of penal-looking buildings flying the flag of Texas. Center of the campus is the Academic Building, with an odd dome topped by a bare electric light bulb that Aggies used to shoot out regularly.

* In 1918 the entire senior class volunteered in a body. Twenty thousand Aggies served in World War II, 14,000 of them officers, including 29 generals. Six won Congressional Medals of Honor—and 696 died.

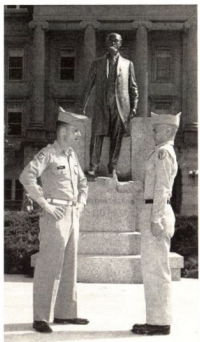


OFF-CAMPUS ADMONITION

A. & M. has no departments of art, classics, music or philosophy, English, history and psychology are undistinguished. To scoffers at the major-league University of Texas, Aggies are strictly "onion packers."

Deer in the Shower. Every Aggie joins the uniformed Corps of Cadets for at least two years. Senior cadets ("leather-legs") may wear breeches, boots and spurs, and mercilessly haze the freshmen ("fish"), who at all times "whip out" (shake hands) and cry: "Howdy! Fish So-and-so is my name, sir!" He-man-ship is undying. Hearty lads skin deer in the showers, carry Volkswagens up four flights of dormitory stairs, and work round-the-clock piling timber 100 ft. high for the purgative bonfire before the Wagnerian game with the University of Texas (U.T. has won 44 times since 1894, against 17 for A. & M.). Moreover, every single Aggie stands throughout every single football game—ignoring even passing tornadoes—to signify his eagerness to take to the field if necessary as the team's "twelfth man."

Unhappily, all this is less appealing to prospective students than it used to be. A. & M.'s boot-camp atmosphere is generally credited with giving it a slower enrollment growth (up only 1,142 in a decade) than almost every other Texas campus. Equally dampening is the school's no-girl policy, which now repels football players as well as students. But the masculine cult remains inviolate. This month a committee of 100 leading Texans issued a report on how the school can improve as it rounds out its first century. Carefully pigeonholed were all proposals to admit women and de-emphasize ROTC.



"WHIPPING OUT"*

Proud Look-Alikes. The future thus looks as male and military as ever—which suits Aggieland's alumni, many of whom are so fiercely loyal that they go back to the campus to marry and to christen their children. Among alumni are the presidents of Texaco and Gulf Oil, plus such military men as Air Force Missileman Bernard A. Schriever ('31) and Air Force General Alvin R. Lueddecke ('32), now general manager of the AEC.

Last week a fresh batch of some 1,950 fish landed at College Station. Some wore boots and Levi's, and hailed from towns like Wink, Sundown and Cottonwood. Others sported the ducktails and sidewalk gait of Houston and San Antonio. Within hours, they were all proud look-alikes, their heads shaven and their tongues siring the seniors. Ahead lay a curious career in which the prime requirement may not be scholarship, but the prime blessing is belonging.

* Looking on: President (1891-98) Lawrence Sullivan Ross, onetime Texas Ranger and Texas Governor, before whose statue are sometimes staged monster mud fights.

ART



BOHROD'S "LADY FAIR"
A rag, a bone and a hank of hair.

Camera with a Soul

For years now, Aaron Bohrod has been hiding his time, waiting for the day when the dazzle of abstract expressionism will die away and large numbers of people will appreciate his resolutely realistic paintings of symbol-laden still life. His wait may be ending. The pendulum of public taste started to swing back toward the figure, and words like "realism," "craftsmanship" and "beauty" are appearing again in art criticism. A show of what Bohrod has been doing while he waited opened last week in Chicago, and 20 of the still lifes on view—most no bigger than a phone book—have already been sold at prices ranging from \$750 to \$2,750.

The "Do Not Touch" signs beside the paintings in the gallery were put up to discourage visitors who are sure that some of Bohrod's realism is collage. Though he denies being a *trompe l'oeil* painter, Bohrod stands as an eye-fool tower of strength to other long-thwarted realists. To jeers of "get a camera," Bohrod replies that the camera is a wonderful eye, but it has no guiding brain, heart or soul.

And no camera could record a scene like *Still Life with Paper Moon*: a mutilated doll stares blindly at a Nevelson-like collection of wooden chair legs and newel posts, one of which supports an abandoned bird's nest, while a paper ball—the kind that used to pop out of old-fashioned valentines—dangles above. Flaking paint, wood grain, wormhole and lathe scar are meticulously recorded in sharp focus, yet there is an eerie, aching loneliness about the scene that no camera could ever convey. In *Lady Fair* the mood is pure fun,

with its symbolic scrap of lace, a well-gnawed spare rib, and a blonde lock pinned on a brocade background along with a tattered French postcard (a small leaf has been taped in place for the sake of modesty), a reproduction of *Ann Pollard*, an anonymous American primitive painting of an old woman, and a snippet of Picasso's wall-eyed female *Face*. Of these oversized miniatures Bohrod says: "It just takes a small brush and a big mind."

As far as Bohrod is concerned, abstractionism has had it. Says he: "There never was any real love for the idiom, and now the art world is bored to tears with it. Not, of course, the abstract painters themselves, who with a minimum outlay of talent and energy have had their fun for a long time, nor the dealers who have made money out of it, nor those museum people who have committed themselves so deeply that no graceful or easy exit is open to them."

The Dark Gift

African art, admired in the U.S. and Europe as a rich creative tradition, has always had to fight for recognition in its own backyard. To the natives who practiced it, it was less art for art's sake than a deadly serious business of magic, medicine, fetish and religion. To most white colonizers, African art has always been a mumbo-jumbo sort of thing, "proof" that the native African lacked cultural instincts.

Last month an exhibition of African art opened at the Rhodes National Gallery in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, that gives a new perspective to the neglected

cultural contribution of Africa to the rest of the world. More than 350 works—many borrowed from museums and private collections in Britain, Europe and the U.S.—make up the show (see color). Bronzes, wood carvings, ironwork, masks, dance costumes, ritual dolls, totems, musical instruments, fragments of terra cotta are there and compared, when appropriate, with photographs of examples from the modern movement in Western art.

Cradle of Expressionism. Says Rhodes Gallery Director Frank McEwen: "The great attribute of African traditional art is expressionism—and the Africans had it centuries ago." As everyone knows, Picasso, Braque, Brancusi, etc., admired and copied African art. "The entire modern movement in Western art owes a debt to primitive Africa, and that is the point we are trying to make with this exhibition," McEwen says. "It is a fact that very few artists of contemporary style do not possess some well digested but evident influences of Africa."

The Salisbury show is the most comprehensive collection of African art ever assembled. It ranges from the terra-cotta pieces of the Nok culture, 2,000 years ago, through the supremely realistic life portrait heads of the 8th to the 14th century, to the Benin empire bronzes that mark the turning point from realism to expressionism between the 15th and the 19th centuries. The most recent pieces of traditional art in the show are wood carvings 50 years old. The older things have survived because they are made of terra cotta, bronze, iron or brass; millions of wood sculptures have been destroyed over the ages by fire, termites, jungle damp or the iconoclasm of Christian missionaries.

The exhibition thus provides ample proof that Africa had many cultures predating by centuries the arrival of European influence. This realization gave the show different meanings to white and black viewers. To one white viewer, writing in the *Rhodesia Herald*, the show offered "nothing but crudity, primitiveness and savagery . . . we are used to a culture that produces artists of the calibre of Michelangelo, sculptors of the calibre of Rodin." But a serious and elegant Negro was led to wonder "whether the local Europeans were able to understand anything of all this."

Airport Art. The inroads of civilization have so squelched traditional art that little of it has been created in African communities for the past 20 years; the magical and ritual reasons for it are on the wane, and in its place has come an "airport art" designed more to please tourists than to appease terrible gods. The exhibition at Salisbury also devotes some attention to contemporary, nontraditional African art—painting and sculpture that seem to repay the compliment to Western art by espousing abstractionism or Rousseau-like primitivism. It also seems to cancel out the debt, with the result that African traditional art, after having helped shape the pattern for the West, has become a lost and forgotten art in its own land.

AFRICAN ART IN AFRICA is now on exhibition in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. This figure is veranda post carved in 1919 for a palace in Nigeria.



BRONZE crossbowman from Benin empire shows great skill in casting. Broken 17th century statue represents a Portuguese soldier-explorer.



INDIGO colored image of Eshu, the Satan of Yoruba people, wears ornate cap and necklace of cowrie shells, carries flute and containers of protective medicine.



WOODEN TOTEM from shrine of forest spirit in Niger delta region is almost life-size, satirizes white hunter with pith helmet, rifle, elephant tusk.



Handsome entrance to Dorado Golf Club, Puerto Rico, striking spot to sip a Derby Daiquiri. John Stewart photograph.

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GRETEL'S
STURROCK



WEATHERLY (BACKGROUND) CROSSING GRETEL'S BOW
With so much at stake, like crossed swords.



WEATHERLY'S
MOsbACHER

Races to Remember

In the 111-year history of the America's Cup, 17 challengers had gone down to defeat before superior U.S. boats and superior U.S. seamanship. Of 55 races, the challengers had won only five⁹—and the last boat to do it was Britain's *Endeavour*, 28 years ago. But last week, off Newport, R.I., Australia's *Gretel* and Skipper Jock Sturrock proved to be unawed by the statistics. In the first four races of the best-of-seven series, the Aussies lost three to the U.S. defender, *Weatherly*, and her quiet genius, Bus Mosbacher. But *Gretel* did win one, and in a way that led one Aussie to proclaim: "Australians everywhere stand ten feet tall today."

Having been soundly trounced by 3 min. 46 sec. in the first race, the Aussies came out for the second match in the kind of day to gladden any Sydney sailor's heart. The balmy 15-knot breeze had become a tearing, 25-knot northwest wind; heavy swells rolled across the green Atlantic, and off to the horizon spray-laden whitecaps filled the scene. It was *Gretel*'s weather, the same strong winds that made the beautiful white-hulled sloop fly in home waters off Sydney and her crew made the most of it.

"Doing Him In." The race was only a half hour old when Mosbacher knew that he was in trouble. Beating to windward (*Weatherly*'s strongest point) toward the first eight-mile mark on the 24-mile triangular course, he could manage only a four-length lead. Eleven times in the space of five minutes Sturrock challenged with short tacks, hoping to gain a few precious seconds, his crewmen working like demons at the coffee-grinder winches. Each time, in the brutal test of skill and muscle, Mosbacher covered, instantly at first, and then more slowly as his crew began to tire. "We were doing him in," crowed an Aussie crewman.

⁹ Scattered so thoroughly over the years that no challenger ever carried home the Cup, even in the best-of-three meetings at the end of the 19th century. The best-of-seven rule has only been in force since 1930.

SPORT

Skimming around the first buoy, Mosbacher's lead had been reduced to two boat lengths, a bare 12 sec. By the second eight-mile mark, it was still only 14 sec. Then *Gretel* and Sturrock stole the day. His spinnaker ballooning firm and white, Sturrock caught a great, wind-driven wave under his stern and rode it like a surfer on a Pacific comb. As the Australians surged past, Mosbacher's Yanks heard a roaring war whoop booming out across the water. *Weatherly* tried to recover, but she snapped her spinnaker pole—and then it was too late. *Gretel* was home free, 47 sec. ahead in 2 hr. 46 min. 58 sec., the fastest 24-mile Cup race ever sailed by a 12-meter yacht.

"No One Goes to Jail." *Gretel*'s joyous crew was singing *Waltzing Matilda* as they were towed back to port past the horn-toting spectator fleet, and the song rang through Newport all night. Even the cops cheered. "Nobody with an Australian accent goes to jail tonight," announced a local policeman. Said a crew member, amid the debris of *Gretel*'s headquarters pub: "This reminds me of an outbreak pub at shearing time." Back home, radio stations played a special *Gretel* Song. The Sydney Sun announced the victory: WILLY STURROCK OUTFOXES AMERICANS. And for this one race, at least, Bus Mosbacher was willing to agree. "I should have stayed home," he said.

The victory shifted little money *Gretel*'s way; nor did it unduly depress the canny Mosbacher. Next time out, on light (4 to 10 knots) northerly airs that turned the race into a drab drifting match, well-suited to *Weatherly*, he demonstrated some lessons of his own, beating the Aussies by a wide 8 min. 40 sec.

Only slightly heavier winds ruffled the Atlantic for the fourth meeting. Yet this time, Sturrock and his Aussies made a real race of it. Behind by 1½ min. as they rounded the first mark of the three-legged course, they nibbled away at *Weatherly*'s lead until well into the final

run, when little more than a single boat length separated the two. But no closer could *Gretel* come. At the finish, *Weatherly*'s masterful Mosbacher drove his boat across the line with 26 sec. to spare. It was the slimmest margin in America's Cup history.

"Goodbye, Mister"

It was somewhat difficult to remember that until last week Jack Nicklaus, 22, the country's No. 1 pro, was still the U.S. amateur champion (having beaten Dudley Wysong, 8 and 6, in 1961's final). He wasn't on hand to defend his title last week at Pinehurst, N.C., of course. But there were still enough big names to make a big list of favorites. Deane Beman, the 1960 winner, was there. So were Charles Coe (winner in '49 and '58), Harvie Ward ('55 and '56) and Ted Bishop ('46). There was North Carolina's own Billy Joe Patton, a perennial gallery favorite, and at 40 certainly the best amateur never to win a major tournament. And then there were scores of kids, respectful of their elders, to be sure, but slamming golf balls with devastating irreverence.

Learning Manners. On the very first day of the rugged match play on the 7,051-yd. course, a 10-year-old youngster named Ronnie Gerringier, from Newport News, Va., set the tone of the tournament. Paired with 38-year-old Charlie Coe, Gerringier was the picture of polite deference. "I told my daddy before I left home that I considered it a privilege to play a gentleman like Mr. Coe," said Ronnie shyly. "I thought maybe I would just learn some good manners about how to play in a major match."

Gerringier learned more than good manners and sent Coe home, 3 and 2. He basked for a moment in the victory, then saw Coe walking back to the clubhouse. "Gee, Mr. Coe," he called out. "Goodbye." Turning to the reporters, he added: "I'm sorry it had to be Mr. Coe."

Then, on succeeding days on varying holes, it was goodbye Mr. Beman, goodbye Mr. Ward, goodbye Mr. Chapman (and, along the way, goodbye Master



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Gerringer), all beaten by smooth-swinging youngsters who were in turn beaten by better ones. By the fifth round, only Mr. Patton was among the eight quarter-finalists. The others were all 25 or under, and the fact that Patton had come that far suddenly seemed a marvel of geriatrics. Billy Joe even made it through to the semifinals.

But waiting for him there was Labron Harris, Jr., a 20-year-old graduate student in statistics at Oklahoma State University and son of the university golf coach. Twice Billy Joe whittled down Harris' lead to stand all even after 32 holes of the 36-hole match. Yet this was match-play elimination golf, not the usual 72-hole stroke-play tournament. Both had already played close to 100 holes, and it was Billy Joe who went to pieces—into the trees on the 34th and a sand trap on the 35th—leaving Harris to face Downing Gray, a 24-year-old insurance man and weekend golfer from Pensacola, Fla., in the finals.

Getting It Out. Against Gray, a steady newcomer playing in his first U.S. Amateur championship, Harris proved that his win over Billy Joe was no fluke. He had a horrendous first 18 holes, bogeyed his way to a five-hole deficit after the morning round. At lunch, Harris' father phoned. "You can do it, son," he roared. "You've got it in you." Returning to the table, Harris laughed. "I've got it in me," he said. "Now if only I can get it out." After lunch the scholarly young mathematician clicked off a spectacular series of pars and birdies, won five straight holes to even it up at the 27th, and closed out the match to win 1 up on the 36th hole.

And where was Jack Nicklaus while all this scrambling for his amateur crown was going on? That first-year pro, master of Arnold Palmer in both the U.S. Open and the recent World Series of Golf, was out West demonstrating the extraordinary power, discipline and consistency that have won him \$107,818 so far this year. He capped the Seattle Open with a 15-under-par 265, beating Palmer by 6 strokes and Gary Player by 5. The victory was worth another \$4,300. Then he went on to lead the Portland Open (first prize: \$3,500) by a stroke after three rounds with a 16-under-par 200, despite a two-stroke penalty for slow play.

The Other Hill

At a cocktail party two years ago, a pretty girl glided up to the handsomely mustachioed auto racer. "Ah, Mr. Hill?" she cooed. "I'm Graham Hill," said the driver, smiling hopefully. "Oh, I'm sorry," said the confused young thing, backing away. "I thought you were the famous Mr. Hill."

The apologies are few and far between this year. With seven of the nine Grand Prix races that count toward a world racing title completed, the famous Hill—U.S. Racing Driver Phil Hill, who piloted his blood-red Ferrari to a world championship last year—is in fifth place, hopelessly out of the running. The new leader and likely champion is the other Hill, Brit-



HARRIS AT MOMENT OF VICTORY
The ex-champ was \$107,818 ahead.

ain's 33-year-old Graham Hill, who has 36 points and a virtually unassailable 15-point lead over his nearest competitor in the complex scoring system.*

The clincher came last week in the Italian Grand Prix at Monza, where Germany's daring Count Wolfgang von Trips flipped off the road last year, killing himself and 15 spectators. No accidents marred this year's race. Blasting his dark-green B.R.M. (for British Racing Motors) into the lead on the very first lap, Hill poured it on for 86 laps, hitting 180 m.p.h. on the straightaway, taking the corners with precision. At the finish, he was 30 seconds ahead of the No. 2 man, the U.S.'s Richie Ginther, in another B.R.M. Hill's average speed for 307 miles: a whistling 123.5 m.p.h.

Girls on the Back. Hill did not even have an auto driver's license until ten years ago. He was content with a motorbike. "The only reason I learned to drive was that a car is more sociable," he says. "Girls were getting fed up with sitting on the back of a motorbike." Two years after he learned to drive, he thought it might be a lark to try out a racing car, went to a race driving school and plunked down \$2.80 for a crack at a Formula 3 Cooper. Four laps at 80 m.p.h., and Hill, as he tells it, was saying to himself: "I must look into this." He worked as a mechanic for no pay, living "on the dole" in his zeal to drive. He tried the Lotus factory, again as a mechanic, and in 1957 got a chance as a second-string factory driver.

It took Hill just one year to win his

* Drivers are allowed to count their five best races, get nine points for first, six for second, four for third, and so on down to one for a sixth place finish.

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What you see here is a step in our mechanized car-cleaning systems at Everett, Washington and Grand Forks, North Dakota. Together, these two facilities turn out about two dozen spic-and-span freight cars every hour—with everything from



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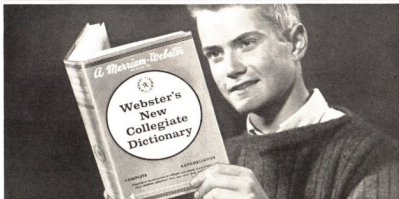
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first world championship point, in the 1958 Italian Grand Prix, where he drove a Lotus to sixth place. "That wasn't very difficult," he says. "Only six cars finished." In 1960, he went over to British Racing Motors, but B.R.M. hardly seemed the spot for an aspiring champion. Conceived as an answer to German (Mercedes) and Italian (Ferrari, Maserati) dominance of Grand Prix racing, the company built fast cars that blew up or broke down with embarrassing regularity.

Camera on the Course. This year the gremlins are gone, and Hill has shown his exhaust pipes to Ferrari and all the rest. In May, he roared off with a victory in the Dutch Grand Prix, went on to take second in the Belgian Grand Prix. His



AUTO RACER HILL

No more cases of mistaken identity.

worst accident came at Germany's Nürburgring last month. Two days before the race, he was barreling after a Porsche in a 140 m.p.h. practice run when a camera mounted on the Porsche to film the chase came loose and dropped directly into his path. It sliced the B.R.M.'s oil pipe, and oil splashed back on the rear tires. The car spun wildly, skidded 100 yds., and tore through a ditch, virtually gutted. Hill suffered a badly bruised shoulder. Yet he was back in the driver's seat on race day, and in pouring rain fought off all challengers to win by a hairbreadth 2.5 seconds. Said Hill: "Driving over a wet course is bad enough, but having cars in your mirror all the way is bloody exhausting."

The prize of victory in last week's race was a silver cup and almost \$3,000. Counting his salary from B.R.M. and a champion's share of driving exhibitions, lectures, articles, TV appearances and endorsements, he can count on an income revving to an estimated \$30,000 while he is on top—not quite the \$150,000 commanded by that other British ace, Moss, before his near-fatal crash, but impressive enough for a onetime grease monkey.

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THE THEATER

First Nights in Manhattan

The theater, on and off Broadway, got under way last week with imports. *The Affair*, British and new, scrupulously tracked justice through a lair of university dons. *A Man's a Man*, German and old, eerily demonstrated the process of brainwashing before the term had even been invented.

The Affair, faithfully adapted by Ronald Millar from the novel by C.P. Snow, is set in the leather-chaired somnolence of a common room at Cambridge, and makes it crackle with the charges and countercharges of a courtroom trial. Dramatically, the play accumulates tension without generating passion. But for the theatergoer who is willing to forgo emotional nourishment, it provides a stimulating mental feast.

As *The Affair* begins, the High Tables of the university are still rocking with an intellectual scandal that will not down with the port. Donald Howard (Keith Baxter) has been judged guilty of scientific fraud, having apparently faked a research photograph in his fellowship thesis, and a court of dons deprives him of his fellowship. Since Howard is a boor whose better-Red-than-well-bred political stance and personality irked most of his colleagues, his departure is viewed as good riddance. But his spittier wife Laura (Brenda Vaccaro) is certain of his innocence, certain that he has been victimized for his fellow-traveling ideology. She pleads with Sir Lewis Eliot (Brewster Mason), a renowned lawyer and former university fellow, to reopen Howard's case and fight for his reinstatement.

Eliot can find small ground for doing so until a Roman Catholic physicist, who detests everything Howard stands for, uncovers new evidence of the pariah's probable innocence and rallies Eliot and a few conscience-nagged colleagues with a cry of "justice for the enemy." As he rounds up the necessary votes for retrial, Eliot encounters the various motives—sly, cynical, stoic, self-serving, selflessly decent—that sway all would-be judges of men. How all-too-human such motives can be is suggested with delightfully doddering comic precision by Edward Atienza as an ancient Senior Fellow who believes that he is being bypassed on suspicion of senility. The retrial exonerates Howard, but the terms of reinstatement outrage the implacably anti-Establishmentarian Laura (Howard rather implausibly leaves his wife at this point), and the fact of reinstatement disgusts the right-wing bursar, who abominates "such men." To C.P. Snow, both characters symbolize the extremists of the world who keep the men of good will from achieving global harmony.

Snow's good will tends to erase his good sense toward the end of *The Affair*. He has Lawyer Eliot deride the proposition that "character and belief go hand-in-hand." But is a head-hunter's character





COURT OF DONS IN "AFFAIR"
Justice for the enemy.

unaffected by his beliefs? Snow goes on to suggest that all that separates the West from the Communist world is "a fog of prejudice" that can be dissipated by compromise. This is to ignore entirely that the character of the West has been molded by belief in the rule of law, and the character of Communism has been shaped by belief in the jungle law.

This speciously reasoned finale mars, but does not mangle *The Affair*. Impeccably performed, it pungently evokes its domish milieu and nobly invokes man's tireless quest to make justice prevail.

A Man's a Man, by Bertolt Brecht. The greatest modern German playwright was baptized in the gore of World War I as a teen-ager, received his first pay in the cruel, inflated German currency of the '20s, thrust into world-wandering exile the day after the Nazis burned the Reichstag, and died in 1956 in East Germany as a kept culture idol of the Communists. Brecht distilled this life experience into a kind of hilarious horror, a black-billed comedy of terrors. He sprayed his poison-cum-laughing gas impartially on every virtue and every vice. Something in his sardonically cynical spirit suits the temper of the age, but he would not posthumously command the world's stages if he were not a marvelously exciting playwright.

That excitement is stylishly projected from the stage of the Masque Theater, where an Eric Bentley adaption of a 1926 play of Brecht's, *A Man's a Man*, has been given a taut and inventive production. Galy Gay (John Heffernan) sets out to buy a fish for his wife. By day's end, he has been dragged into impersonating a missing army machine-gunner named Jeraiah Jip. By play's end, he is a blood-bloated killer whose only self is the print on his identity card.

Man uncannily foreshadows the technique of brainwashing, tinkles a 20th century dirge over the death of the individual. A honky-tonk piano sets a cabaret mood. Placards worded like silent-movie captions cue the scenes. White chalky masks symbolize mass man as an interchangeable part in the social assembly line. "One man is no man," says Brecht.

BLUE SHIELD.

invites those 65 or over to enroll in its programs FOR SENIOR CITIZENS

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The *Scout*® by INTERNATIONAL®



U.S. BUSINESS

WALL STREET

The Lonesome Brokers

Already disappointed by the stock market's failure to stage its traditional post-Labor Day rally, Wall Streeters had fresh cause for complaint last week. After hanging precariously around the 600 mark for seven weeks, the Dow Jones industrial average plummeted 9.87 points on Friday, Sept. 21, closed the week at 501.78.

The market's sudden drop echoes the signals given off by the Commerce Department's economic radar—the 30 "leading indicators" which, though still not completely compiled for August, seemed likely to show a slight downward trend in the economy. In the nation's brokerage houses, however, another set of figures loomed larger: average daily volume on the New York Stock Exchange so far in September has poked along at a bit over 3,000,000 shares, dishearteningly down from the gilded days of 1961 when daily volume averaged more than 4,000,000 shares. For the brokers, whose commissions depend on the number of shares they handle, this meant slim pickings.

The reason was clear. Small investors, bruised in Wall Street's Blue Monday crash, were warily staying away from the market. At Reynolds & Co.'s Chicago branch, business was down almost 50% from June, and the same was true for Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith in Los Angeles. Said James Love, manager of Kidder, Peabody & Co.'s San Francisco branch: "If we were dealing with ten peo-

ple eight months ago, seven of them have quietly disappeared."

Rushing to Cut Back. The drought was particularly painful because in the last two years many firms had invested heavily in new electronic equipment and personnel to service a flood of bull-market orders. Now, in an effort to cut swollen overhead, some were driven to drastic economies. In Gloré, Forgan & Co.'s Chicago branch, all employees last month took a salary cut of from 5% to 10%. In San Francisco, the monthly take-home pay of some customers' men had slipped to a bare \$150. Even in Manhattan, where the big brokerage houses can count on a steady, bread-and-butter flow of institutional security buying, brokers were canceling plans to buy new cars and working longer hours.

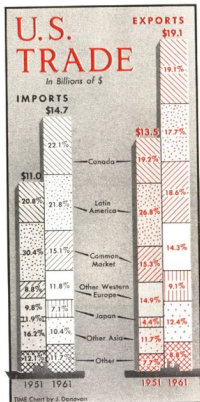
Complaining that "you have to run a brokerage business today like an A. & P. store," Norris A. Broyles Sr., manager of E. F. Hutton & Co.'s Atlanta office, is trying to take up the slack by trading commodities and pushing municipal bonds and mutual funds. But according to the Investment Company Institute, sales of mutual funds dropped to a scant \$124.8 million in August, down 25% from July and 37% below August 1961. Fund managers argued that the drop was largely the result of the recent Wharton School of Finance report which charged that mutual fund management fees are too high and that, overall, the performance record of the funds was no better than that of Standard & Poor's 500-stock composite index. A more likely explanation was that it was precisely the kind of investor who traditionally buys mutual funds who was now shunning all securities and squirreling his money away in savings accounts instead.

"It Hurts Too Much." Some brokers argued that it would take no more than a rise in prices to get the public off its hands and back into the market. Hardly anyone, however, expects a pickup before the end of the year. The only consolation seems to be that the slump is forcing brokerage houses to streamline operations, cut out the dead wood and seek new efficiency. Said one stock salesman: "I got into this business during the boom years. Now for the first time I have to get out and hoof it, and, by golly, I'm learning to sell. I hope I'll be able to say it was the best thing that ever happened to me. But for now, it hurts too much to smile."

PUBLIC POLICY

Trading Up

When the U.S. Senate last week passed the new foreign trade bill giving the President unprecedented power to cut tariffs (see THE NATION), the majority of U.S. businessmen cheered. The burgeoning of Europe's Common Market had left the U.S. little alternative to an all-out drive for freer trade; the U.S. must barter down

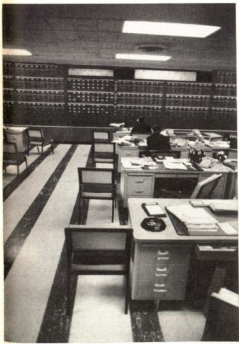


Common Market trade barriers by offering European business a relatively tariff-free shot at U.S. customers. It will take the U.S. at least two years to decide on the specific list of tariffs that it wants to cut, and probably another year or two after that to negotiate reciprocal agreements with foreign nations involved. With luck and good management, however, the general tariff revision could provide a massive stimulus to some already prospering U.S. industries—and could prove the salvation of some that are now in trouble. Items:

MACHINERY. So advanced is the U.S. in production of computers, earth-moving equipment and other specialized machines that machinery last year accounted for roughly a quarter of the nation's \$19 billion in exports. Some experts predict that if the Common Market nations dropped their tariffs on U.S. machines, machinery sales to the Six would increase by at least \$1 billion. Says Carter L. Burgess, chairman of American Machine & Foundry Co., which exports everything from golf clubs to nuclear reactors: "If we take proper advantage of it, the new trade act can only strengthen U.S. leadership in international business."

ACROS. Though U.S. trucks and autos are mightily admired abroad, they must buck tariffs averaging 16.6% worldwide. The Commerce Department estimates that elimination of trade barriers could boost the U.S.'s annual auto exports of \$1.3 billion by another billion.

COAL. U.S. mines are now so automated that coal is one of the nation's most com-



HENRY GREENMAN

MANHATTAN BROKERAGE AT 2 P.M.
Seven out of ten were over at the bank.

petitive exports. "It is literally true," says Commerce Department Economist Paul McGann, "that we can mine coal and ship it to Hamburg for less than the Germans can produce it." If the Six could be cajoled into lowering their tariffs and relaxing their quotas, U.S. coal exports would quickly jump to three times their current \$350 million annual volume.

TOBACCO. Nearly half the \$475 million worth of tobacco that the U.S. exports each year goes to the Common Market, despite tariffs that average 160%. Since some European governments depend heavily on tobacco duties for their revenues, U.S. tobacco men do not expect any tariff reductions. But they do hope that the new trade act will enable Washington to forestall steeper Common Market barriers against U.S. tobacco. Cries Tobacco Institute President George V. Allen: "If we get frozen out of the Common Market, the adverse effect on the American tobacco industry will be tremendous."

Inevitably, a general tariff relaxation would hit some U.S. industries hard. Foreign toymakers might well double the \$65 million worth of business they now do in the U.S. each year. Stripped of the 38.1% tariff advantage that they now enjoy, U.S. watchmakers would almost surely lose most of their domestic sales (\$500 million a year) to European competitors. Imports of steel, hi-fi equipment, radios and whisky would spur forward by at least \$500 million each.



IMPERIAL



CHRYSLER NEW YORKER



DODGE DART



PLYMOUTH SPORTS FURY
Tiding over till '64.

But the U.S. has less to fear from free trade than most nations. Only 40% of the foreign goods imported to the U.S. are products competitive with the output of U.S. manufacturers. Overall, the Commerce Department estimates that a general revision of tariffs would increase imports to the U.S. by no more than \$1.5 billion a year, while U.S. exports ought to climb by at least \$3 billion.

AUTOS

Pretty Pictures, Pretty Cars

Not since 1957, when they scored a smashing success with the high-finned Forward Look, have Chrysler Corp. designers shown any great insight into the U.S. public's taste in auto design. But last week, as Chrysler released photographs of most of its 1963 models, it was clear that someone up there had got the picture.

Like Chrysler Corp. itself, the new Chrysler cars are in transition. Only a year ago, flamboyant C.C. ("Tex") Colbert was replaced as czar of Chrysler by a duumvirate: Chairman George Love, 62, and aggressive President Lynn Townsend, 43. Townsend, as operating chief, immediately set out to improve the appearance of Chrysler cars, but because at least two years' lead time is required for any major body changes, he had to settle for relatively limited changes designed to enhance his cars' basic body lines. Townsend's hope is that the '63s will reverse Chrysler's decline—its share of the U.S. auto market has fallen from 18% in 1957 to a scant 9% at present—and tide the company over until it can bring out its '64s, which will more clearly show the influence of Stylist Elwood Engel, the former Ford designer who was chiefly responsible for the elegant 1961 Lincoln Continental and who skipped off to Chrysler last year.

Gone Gun Sights. Its '63s should indeed tide Chrysler over. The new IMPERIAL has been improved by a bolder grille and the elimination of its protruding "gun-sight" taillights. The NEW YORKER has a clean and handsome new rear end, will offer luxury lovers optional bucket seats. Replacing the Dodge Lancer (which has been dropped) as the smallest Dodge is a new, intermediate-sized DART that has perky styling and peppy performance. The PLYMOUTH, which in 1962 shrank to an intermediate, has begun to grow again (to an overall length of 205 in.) and has acquired a more substantial look.

Sibling Rivalries. Along with Chrysler, both the other members of the Big Three were handing out pretty pictures last week. Ford's offering was the British-made CONSUL CORTINA, which is another version of the Cardinal, the compact compact that Ford spent two years developing. Unlike the German version, which has front-wheel drive and was shown fortnight ago, the Cortina has conventional rear-wheel drive and will be sold in the U.S. for about \$1,800.

From General Motors came pictorial evidence of how the sibling rivalries within the nation's biggest manufacturing company can spur its individual divisions.

Two years ago, when Buick was given \$50 million by G.M. to build the Riviera hardtop as G.M.'s official answer to Ford's Thunderbird, Pontiac and Chevrolet bosses went off and sulked, then decided to build T-Bird competitors of their own.



PONTIAC GRAND PRIX



CORVETTE STING RAY
Tilting with the T-Bird.

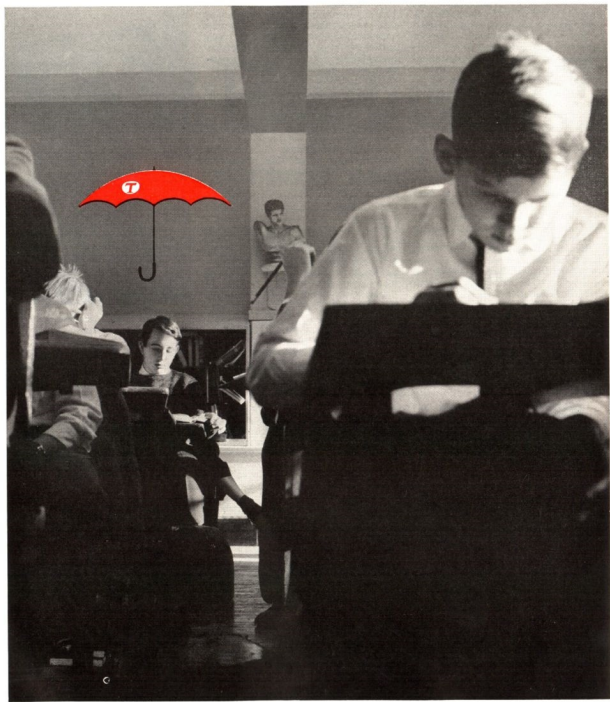
Pontiac's entry is its classy GRAND PRIX, which comes in a special iridescent blue-black, is outfitted with bucket seats and will undersell the Riviera and T-Bird by several hundred dollars. Chevrolet's answer is its Corvette STING RAY fastback hardtop. Breaking sharply with its past, the new Corvette has plush carpets, power steering and optional air conditioning—all features that will alienate true sports-car buffs, but are likely to attract many more buyers.

ADVERTISING

B. B. & H.

Rarely has the disappearance of a radio and television commercial brought complaints from the customers—but that was what happened two years ago when a pair of cartoon characters named Bert and Harry Piel stopped delivering their sudsy-soft sell for Piel's Beer in the New York area. From 1955 to 1962, pompous, pint-sized Bert and his self-conscious older brother Harry (with voices supplied by radio's Ray Goulding and Bob Elliott) fumbled engagingly through ads witty enough to keep chortling viewers out of the bathroom during program breaks. Last week Bert and Harry fans were chortling again. After a painful hiatus, during which Piel's advertising consisted largely of jarring jingles, the struggling Brooklyn brewery—which was bought early this month by South Bend's Drewry's Ltd. U.S.A.—has decided to bring the brothers back.

The return involves some of Madison Avenue's most elaborate brainstorming in years. To explain why Bert and Harry ever went away, Manhattan's Young & Rubicam ad agency has invented a mythical management consultant ("He's sort of a Wharton School of Finance type") who helped out the brothers because their commercials were undignified. Named E. Gordon Gibbs after V. & R.'s traffic director, he gets full blame for stepping in as Piel's advertising manager and per-



Can you afford to have your son get good grades?
If your son's grades are good enough to get him into college, will you be able to afford to send him?

Yes—if he's under the Travelers insurance umbrella. With the new Travelers Guaranteed College Fund, you can make sure there will be college money for your child whether you're around to see him graduate or not.

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The TRAVELERS Insurance Companies HARTFORD 16,
CONNECTICUT

sonally ordering the jarring jingles. Outraged at his lack of taste—and perhaps by Piel's disappointing sales—Bert and Harry now want to return with a popular mandate. To pave the way, Y. & R. fortnight ago took the first of a series of 30-second radio spots purporting to be "paid political announcements" sponsored by the "Citizens' Committee to Bring Back Bert and Harry Piel."

The spots are only an appetizer. Next on the program is a rip-snorting public feud between Gibbs and the Piel brothers. Sound trucks, skywriters and posters will plaster New York with the cabalistic exhortation "B. B. B. & H." (for "Bring Back Bert and Harry"). Next month Gibbs will take on the brothers in three radio debates. Predictably raucous, Bert Piel will charge: "That pantywaist Gibbs doesn't even like beer. If you put an olive in it, he might drink it."

Ultimately, Bert and Harry fans will be urged to choose between Gibbs and the brothers on handy ballots at taverns and supermarkets. The outcome is hardly in doubt. But even after Bert and Harry are back, one problem will remain. Their old

mused Decker. "It's transparent, it's inert [non-corrosive]—but it breaks. Why don't you fix that?" Last week Corning announced that its scientists had come remarkably close to filling Decker's improbable order with a chemically strengthened glass called Chemcor. In a demonstration session at Manhattan's Plaza Hotel, Corning executives bent, twisted and banged panels of the glass. But the Chemcor, which withstands pressures up to 100,000 lbs. per sq. in. v. 7,000 lbs. for ordinary glass, did not break.

A Bulb for Edison. Such research breakthroughs are old hat at Corning Glass. A singular mastery of technology has built the company from a tiny tableware manufacturer in rural Corning, N.Y., to a corporate colossus with 27 plants across the U.S. and sales last year of \$230 million. Corning's wizardry with glass produced the first bulb for Thomas Edison's incandescent light and the window in the U.S.'s first space capsule. It is also responsible for Pyrex ovenware and a technique for spinning cast glass that has enabled Corning to capture the lion's share of the TV picture-tube business.

Corning has grown successfully under the stewardship of a single family for five generations. Founded in 1851 by a frugal Yankee named Amory Houghton, Corning is still controlled by the Houghton family, whose members are estimated to own 40% of its stock (worth roughly \$440 million). Its current president is a great-great-grandson of the original Amory, boyishly intense Amory ("Amo") Houghton Jr., 36, who stepped up after Decker, 61, was named chairman last year. Like his predecessors, Amo Houghton is dedicated to the formula of freewheeling, long-range basic-research spending—he is fond of calling it "patient money"—that has become Corning's hallmark. Currently, Corning's research and development bill is running at the rate of \$13 million a year—which is equivalent to 50% of the company's net profits last year.

Work Is Fun. "Sometimes," says Houghton, "we start out with one objective and end up with something 180° in the other direction." Fifteen years ago, random research at Corning led to a photosensitive glass. Then, imprinting images with ultraviolet rays and heat, Corning tried to market the glass as decorative wall panels. The effort flopped, but curious scientists found that intricate images could be easily etched on the new glass with acid. Now it serves in miniaturized printed circuits for missile systems. With such attention to the laboratory, Corning has built a file of 100,000 different formulas for glass and ceramics, and boasts that 25% of its sales are of products introduced in the last five years.

Technology and fat profits by themselves do not satisfy Corning Glass. "People ought to have fun in their jobs," insists Amo Houghton. "If they don't, they're probably in the wrong business." Corning sees it that its workers do. To its base in Corning, far off the beaten track in upstate New York, the company has brought such widely different organi-



HOUGHTON FLEXING HIS CHEM-COR
Fun, beauty, dreams—and profit.

zations as the New York Philharmonic and the Harlem Globetrotters to perform for its employees. Its handsome Corning Glass Center, which boasts a collection of historic examples of the glassmaker's art rivaling that of the British Museum, draws hundreds of thousands of visitors each year. Convinced that it is both good advertising and a social duty to create the beautiful as well as the useful, Corning also pours time and talent into the making of its world-famous Steuben crystal, even though Steuben is a regular money loser.



Challenge to Steel. Despite all this, Corning long remained a relatively little-known maker of specialty glass. But in recent years it has been moving rapidly into consumer fields. In 1958 it introduced its Corning Ware cooking utensils, made of an ultra-hard glass ceramic called Pyroceram which was developed in more "curiosity" experiments with photosensitive glass. Its new Chemcor has a wide range of potential industrial uses as a cheap, strong substitute for plastic, but has so far been used only for a virtually unbreakable tableware called Centura.*

Putting Corning products in every U.S. home is only the beginning of Amo Houghton's ambition. Mulling over the possible uses of Chemcor—glass pipe, safety lenses for spectacles and even load-bearing walls in buildings—Houghton last week admitted: "It's sort of a wild dream, but I would like to feel that one day glass can be as important to our economy as steel is today." If skyscrapers do ever ride on glass girders, it is a good bet that Corning will make them.

* In line with its increased concentration on consumer business, Corning this week made its debut as a television sponsor, spending some \$800,000 to put on the CBS telecast of the opening of Manhattan's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.

HEADQUARTERS

CITIZENS' COMMITTEE
TO
BRING BACK

BERT and HARRY PIEL

SPONSORED BY THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE TO BRING BACK
BERT AND HARRY PIEL

B.B.B. & H. CAMPAIGN POSTER
Gags, fables, ballots—and buyers.

cartoons delighted audiences, but from 1958 on did not sell much beer. Now, with Piel's fighting to hold its place as the fourth-selling beer in New York, Bert and Harry Piel's spiel may be a little harder. As Bert will say after the election: "The free ride is over. All hitchhikers off. This time we have a new theme: 'I'm laughing with Piel's in my hand.'"

CORPORATIONS

Built on Glass

Summoned five years ago to the office of William C. Decker, then president of Corning Glass Works, Research Director William H. Armistead listened wide-eyed to a short but characteristically pithy discourse. "Glass is a very good material."

* The top three: Schaefer, Rheingold and Ballantine.

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WORLD BUSINESS

THE WORLD ECONOMY Strong as a Dollar

Meeting in Washington last week, representatives of the 82 nations that belong to the International Monetary Fund found something new to worry about. Only a few months ago, many of them had been fearful that the U.S. dollar was growing too weak to maintain its role as the major world trading currency. Now, they agreed, the dollar had gotten strong again—in fact, some thought, dangerously strong.

In the first half of this year, thanks to increased exports and decreased Government spending abroad, the U.S. balance-of-payments deficit ran at an annual rate of \$1.5 billion v. 1960's record \$3.9 billion. By next year, predicted IMF Director Per Jacobsson, the U.S. payments deficit will have disappeared entirely. This alarmed many of the European delegates, who were keenly aware that the more than \$20 billion that has flowed out of the U.S. into other nations since 1952 has been a major instrument in financing the expansion of world trade. If the flow is reversed, they fear the result might be to stifle further trade expansion.

Curiously enough, it did not seem to occur to the Europeans that trade expansion could also be financed by an outflow of the \$15 billion in gold and foreign currency that Common Market nations have piled up in a decade of U.S. deficits.

AUSTRALIA

Out of the Cocoon

The eleven-story building of the Broken Hill Proprietary Co. Ltd., in downtown Melbourne, is stark and cheerless, almost down at the heels, by U.S. corporate standards. And its tenant is fusty and

taciturn. But B.H.P., as the 77-year-old steelmaker is known Down Under, has paced—and made possible—the galloping growth of Australian industry since World War II. In the process, it has become a sort of Australian version of A.T. & T., refuting the old dictum that basic industry in a democracy cannot be entrusted to a monopoly.

B.H.P. today produces virtually 100% of Australia's steel and is the country's biggest publicly held company. Although B.H.P.'s total annual capacity of 4,000,000 tons is below Bethlehem Steel's Sparrows Point plant, it is the British Commonwealth's biggest steelmaker, with sales of some \$473 million in the last fiscal year. Through 16 subsidiaries it makes everything from nails and rails to tools and tars, operates a fleet of 14 cargo ships and a shipyard, and is probing for oil off the Australian coast.

The Corporate Ascetic. Despite its prosperity, B.H.P. has chosen for itself the role of corporate ascetic. Says one former executive, ruefully recalling his \$18-a-week expense allowance: "The place is run like a pawnshop." The sprawling B.H.P. shop is presently managed by a triumvirate that prefers fishing to night-clubbing and warily shies away from public notice. The ruling trio: courtly Chairman Colin Y. Syme, 59, a Melbourne lawyer; Managing Director Norman E. Jones, 58, a quiet chemist and metallurgist; and impatient Ian M. McLennan, 52, chief general manager, who joined B.H.P. in 1933 in a cadet engineer's "pick-and-shovel" job. Travelling tirelessly, Syme, Jones and McLennan leave so little authority to underlings that until recently B.H.P. plant managers were forbidden to make expenditures of more than \$225 without permission. The limit has now been raised to \$2,225.

Named for a rock outcrop in the New South Wales back country where it began mining a treasure-trove of silver, lead and zinc in 1885, B.H.P. turned to steelmaking in the early 1900s. Led by the late Essington Lewis, a single-minded empire builder who made himself Australia's "Mr. Steel," the company doggedly pursued efficiency, threw up new plants, cor-

nered rich ore and coal reserves, and by 1935 had gobbled up its only major competitor. But it was the pell-mell postwar growth of heavy industry and construction in Australia that gave B.H.P. its big step forward push. With all Australia virtually its private preserve, the company more than doubled its output in a decade. Equity capital flowed in for the asking as eager Australian investors flocked to oversubscribe new stock issues.

Adjusting to Surplus. Last year, as the Australian economy struggled through recession, B.H.P. profits were down (to \$32.6 million v. \$33.9 million in 1961) for the first time in 13 years. Australians are certain that the country's voracious appetite for steel will recover rapidly, and B.H.P. is confidently spending \$12 million a year to increase its capacity to 5,500,000 tons by 1965. But in its effort to win export markets—a move encouraged by the Australian government, which is seeking a cushion against the loss of agricultural exports if Britain joins the Common Market—B.H.P. is encountering vexing and unfamiliar difficulties. Prospects are that the company's sales abroad will drop more than 20% this year.

One big reason is that B.H.P. is meeting mounting competition in Asia from India's new government-supported steel industry and from the aggressive steel makers of Japan. Last July New Zealand, which traditionally bought half its steel from B.H.P., eliminated the tariff advantage that it used to give Australian steel. The result has been a bonanza for the Japanese industry, which, with government assistance, sells steel abroad for 10% to 30% less than in Japan.

To counter the competition, B.H.P. is opening new sales offices abroad, has begun an all-out drive to cut production costs. "But B.H.P. isn't in real trouble," says a former top executive of the company. "They are simply worried by having a little surplus steel for the first time. When you have lived so long in a cocoon—even an efficiently run cocoon—it's hard, when the cocoon breaks open, to adjust to the new world outside."

ITALY

Drugs on the Market

Late in 1958, detectives working for American Cyanamid's Lederle Laboratories Division began to shadow Dr. Sidney M. Fox, 41, a chemist who worked at the Pearl River, N.Y., plant where Lederle develops the ultrasecret cultures for its new drugs. The detectives observed that Fox regularly invented excuses to remain in the lab after working hours and that he made frequent visits to Biorganic Laboratories, an East Paterson, N.J., company run by Chemist Nathan Sharfi. All this struck Cyanamid as highly suspicious, but the detectives found no concrete evidence that Fox was filching drug formulas.

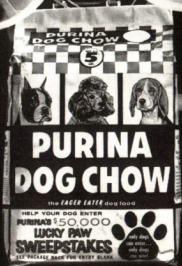
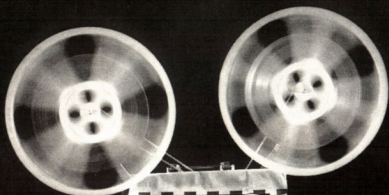
It was two years later—months after Fox had quit his Cyanamid job—that a



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Venturing away from Down Under.

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tip came from Italy that industrial spies were hawking stolen U.S. drug formulas to Italian pharmaceutical houses. For Cyanamid this was bad news indeed: since Italy, alone among Western nations, has no law protecting drug patents, Italian manufacturers are free to copy any drug whose formula they can lay hands on.

The Big Buyer. Early this year, Cyanamid finally brought suit against Fox and Sharff for \$3,000,000 apiece, charging that the two chemists had delivered to at least six Italian companies formulas and cultures for three Cyanamid-developed antibiotics and one antiarthritic steroid. Cyanamid estimates that the Italian firms—all of which hotly echo Fox and Sharff in

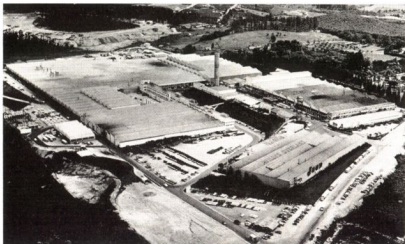
42, who has had a bill drawn up that would provide full patent protection for chemical processes in Italy. But under the leadership of Deputy Antonio Cremisini, a Milan drugmaker whose own firm, I.B.I., is among those accused by Cyanamid of pirating its processes, the small Italian companies are putting up an effective political fight to write into the bill an amendment that would guarantee them the right to produce under license any new drug developed by the big companies. Hoping to get the bill passed by early next year, the big drug companies are expected to accept obligatory licensing on the assumption that some protection is better than none at all.

zilians and Managing Director Pearce answers to an operating committee of five Brazilians and four Americans. Result is that while other U.S. subsidiaries are plagued by expropriation threats and nagged by gringo-baiters, Willys booms unmoored. Last year its profits were \$6,900,000 on sales of \$104,300,000. "The government," says an envious Yankee competitor, "wouldn't dare attack Willys. It would have 48,000 angry people to answer to."

Willys' strength is due partly to the foresight of U.S. Industrialist Edgar Kaiser, who in 1954 took the then-daring decision to enter Brazil's auto market on a partnership basis and personally guaranteed a \$42 million Bank of America loan that enabled Willys do Brasil's working capital. But it is due as well to enthusiastic Brazilians who decided that they could switch successfully from assembling imported Jeep parts to actual manufacturing of cars. The odds were long. One visiting U.S. auto executive, after studying the shed where Jeeps were being assembled at a six-a-day clip and learning that Brazil had no parts suppliers, dismissed the manufacturing project with the blunt comment: "You're nuts."

"Let's Join 'Em." With financial backing from Kaiser and technical guidance from onetime Utah Cowpuncher Pearce, the Brazil nuts went ahead anyway. U.S. engineers converted an old foundry to make Willys' castings, began building the sprawling, efficient plant at São Bernardo. The Brazilians set about lining up parts suppliers. A manufacturer of hypodermic needles converted his production to gas and oil lines, and a blacksmith bid to supply wheels. Recalls Willys Treasurer Paulo Quartim Barbosa: "We gave him an order for 500 wheels. They weren't quite square—but almost. Our technicians found they had eight protruding points. But we gave him another chance, and when he sent them back to us again two months later, they were as good as the wheels we had been importing." Two years ago, when Willys decided to produce the all-Brazilian 2600, it still had no designers. To do the job, the company tapped a 28-year-old architect, Roberto Araújo. Says Pearce: "This is his first major effort. I think it's good."

Now, with an assembly line turning out 6,000 cars a month, Pearce bustles with plans to step up his sales. Willys' present 285 dealerships in Brazil will be doubled within two years; remote agencies will receive new cars by air. Willys also plans to establish 500 emergency repair shops around the country, train mechanics to man them, and provide spare parts. Eventually Pearce hopes to export from Brazil to other Latin American nations. In time, Willys do Brasil and its American cousin may even meet head on in a battle for export markets. Edgar Kaiser already foresees the possibility. Says he: "When that comes up, we'll just have to be competitive. We face competition when these countries industrialize, no matter whether we help them or not. So I say, 'Let's join 'em.'"



WILLYS PLANT IN BRAZIL
Even the nuts are Brazilian.

denying any formula pirating—last year sold \$25 million worth of drugs based on Cyanamid processes. Ironically, two major customers for the controversial drugs were the bargain-minded U.S. Defense Department and Veterans Administration, which together during the past two years bought \$3,500,000 worth of two Italian-made antibiotics—which Cyanamid claims are its Achromycin and Aureomycin.

Last week, arriving in Sicily to inaugurate a big chemical and pharmaceutical complex newly built by his company's Italian subsidiary, Cyanamid President Kenneth Klipstein bluntly urged the Italian government to give reputable drug manufacturers prompt legal protection against "irresponsible firms." Klipstein may yet get his wish—at least in part. Along with foreign drugmakers, the big Italian pharmaceutical houses have grown fed up with the pirating of formulas by small competitors. "It's about time Italian manufacturers got some patent protection," roars Franco Palma, the president of Squibb's Italian affiliate. "We put millions into developing new products, and someone comes along and turns out the same thing without spending a cent on research."

Half a Loaf. The big drug companies have found an ally in Italy's Minister of Industry and Commerce Emilio Colombo,

BRAZIL

The Willys Way

At a bustling 32-acre plant outside the Brazilian town of São Bernardo do Campo last week, coveralled workmen proudly rolled a pair of shiny new compact cars off the assembly line. Hardly had they done so when William Max Pearce, 49, general manager of Willys-Overland do Brasil, announced his plans to send the two cars—the first production models of the new Aero-Willys 2600—to Paris for next month's international auto exposition. Pearce and Willys had reason to be excited. The Aero-Willys is Brazilian from tailfights to engine block—the first car to be completely designed, tooled, engineered and manufactured in Brazil.

Up from Jeeps. Only ten years old, Willys-Overland do Brasil is already Brazil's largest private corporation, boasts 10,000 employees and last year accounted for nearly one-third of the 144,000 cars and trucks produced in Brazil. But in a country racked by nationalistic growing pains, it has an asset far more important than size. Most U.S.-backed companies in Brazil are wholly-owned subsidiaries, and their top executive ranks are closed to Brazilians. Willys is only 49% owned by the U.S.'s Kaiser Corp. The remaining 51% of its stock is held by 48,000 Bra-

CINEMA

On a Rock in the Sea

The Island. Over the water in the darkness before dawn a little boat comes gliding. Without a word a man and a woman step ashore and, shouldering their yokes and pails, trudge across the fields to a spring that lies perhaps a mile inland. When the pails are full they trudge back to the boat, push off without a word and row across the heaving water to an island several miles from shore, a cold rock welshed in the cold waters of Japan's Inland Sea. There they take up their pails again and, sweating fiercely as the bleak dawn breaks, struggle up an almost perpendicular path to a small plateau near the summit of the island.

Without a word the man begins to water a patch of sweet-potato plants. Without a word the woman climbs down to the boat again, rows across to the mainland, trudges off to the spring, fills her pails with water, trudges back to the boat, rows across to the island, struggles up the path, climbs down to the boat . . .

Without a word the man and woman labor from dark to dark, from month to month in the long hot season to keep their fields alive. From sun to sun they sleep on a bed of rushes in a hut of reeds. In the autumn they harvest a few sacks of sweet potatoes. In the winter they rout stumps out of the hard land to increase their pitiful sum of soil. In the spring they reap the winter wheat and thresh it with a flail as old as agriculture. In the summer they climb down to the boat, row across to the mainland, trudge off to the spring . . .

All without a word. All, furthermore, with the unmistakable intention to produce a pastoral masterpiece, a Japanese *Man of Aran*, a hymn to those simple and long-suffering sons of the soil who for thousands of years have dumbly borne the burden of civilization on their backs.

Unhappily, the intention somewhat miscarries. The farmers are obviously not working farmers; their hands are soft, their faces are citified, their bodies are



TONOVAMA & OTOWA IN "THE ISLAND"
Finally a hymn of artifice.

city-fed. And the farm is obviously not a working farm: the Japanese peasant is notoriously clean, but this island is so clean that even a fly would starve. Esthetically, too, the film is not natural. It strains for greatness in every frame—the strain shows but the greatness doesn't. Even so, *The Island* is an impressive work of artifice, surely one of the best movies ever made for less than \$20,000. Purists will praise Director Kaneto Shindo (*Children of Hiroshima*) for his skill at telling a story without words, and everybody will be grateful to Cameraman Kiyoshi Kuroda. As he sees them, the gorgeous shore-scapes of the Inland Sea, like all worlds in the Oriental sense of things, dissolve and reel away into visionary vastness, into the pure space of pure spirit.

The Baron Takes a Wife

Divorce—Italian Style. In the U.S., when a man wants a divorce, he goes to court; in Italy, so the wise guys say, he goes to a gunsmith. Why? For two reasons: 1) divorce is illegal in Catholic Italy; 2) the penalty for a "crime of honor" (the murder of a mate discovered in adultery) is light—with plenty of time-off for good behavior. The situation horrifies modern-minded Italians, but what can they do about it? Director Pietro Germi has done something wildly, wickedly, wonderfully funny about it. In one of the cleverest comedies ever made in Italy,

he has applied a cunning hotfoot to the world's biggest boot.

The story is set in Sicily, where honor is traditionally worth more than life—or wife. The villain of the piece is a mossy impoverished nobleman (Marcello Mastroianni), living on heirlooms in the last unrented rooms of the family palace. He spends most of his time wearily dodging his wife, diligently traveling pomatum on his girlish Sicilian ringlets, meticulously adjusting his hair net, nervously encouraging a limp black mustache that seems to be made of dyed spaghetti. At every opportunity he examines his mirror with watery eyes and murmurs to himself contentedly, "No doubt about it, I am an impressive type."

One day, unhappily, the baron stops looking at himself just long enough to notice his luscious young cousin (Stefania Sandrelli). His mustache bristles. From that moment he is a man with a monomania: off with the old wife (Daniella Rocca), on with the new. Furtively he rifles through a lawbook, evilly he smiles at what he finds, cunningly he recruits a lover for his wife. It isn't easy. For one thing, she has a mustache almost as fluffy as his own. For another, she is pugnaciously, insultingly faithful to him.

Finally he turns up one of her old boy friends, a shy and impecunious painter (Leopoldo Trieste). The baron lures the fellow to his house, hires him to restore some murals, asks his wife to supervise the work, rigs a tape recorder to take down what they say, sits down in the next room, loudspeaker on and automatic oiled, to see what happens. Well, what happens is hilarious, and keeps right on being hilarious until the lovers are dead and the baron, his time served, comes home a hero and weds the woman of his heart. As the film ends he has everything he wants—and, oh yes, one thing he deserves. A pair of horns.

Actor Mastroianni is uniformly marvelous, a perfect parody of a small-town smoothie. And Director Germi, who at 44 is one of the least known but one of the most talented (*The Straw Man*, *An Ugly Mess*) of the major Italian directors, shows a flair for deadly fun that few of his rivals can rival. Sicilian customs, Latin lovers, political priests, legal shenanigans—his targets are whale-sized and he sinks a keen lampoon.



ROCCA & MASTROIANNI IN "DIVORCE"
Later her head is buried.

BOOKS

Tenacity on the Old Frontier

A COMPANY OF HEROES (328 pp.)—*Dale Van Every*—Morrow (\$6).

To the armchair historian, often as ignorant of the Revolutionary War as he is overinformed about the Civil War, Washington's suffering at Valley Forge may rank as the outstanding example of hardship heroically endured in the American Revolution. But the Continental Army spent only one terrible winter at Valley Forge. In the populous East, as Historian Van Every points out in this workmanlike second book of a projected four-volume history of *The Frontier People of America*

stump-dotted clearing of two or three acres in a one-room, earthen-floored cabin which had just taken the place of last year's half-faced camp." His possessions were what he had made himself or carried on his back from civilization. If he had had a cow, he had butchered her that winter to save his family from starving. He could count on a small squash and corn crop, if the Indians did not burn his fields, but the abundant game in the forests did him little good; his tiny supply of gunpowder was hoarded for fighting.

There was, perhaps, an undermanned stockade a mile or so away. If the alarm was given soon enough, he could crouch there in relative safety and watch his

in his 20s captured Kaskaskia and Vincennes on little more than a series of bluffs, and bogged British plans for a full-scale conquest of the Ohio. Joseph Brant was a Mohawk (his ancestors may have taken their name from an English family named Barnett) raised and educated by England's Indian agent, Sir William Johnson. Brant, a brilliant man whose sophistication had been polished by an early visit to London, correctly guessed that the white man's appetite for land was boundless, and led a bloody and for a long time successful resistance to the frontiersmen's advance.

Company of Heroes traces the agonizing border war through 1783—the year of the final three-cornered peace treaty among France, the new United States and England. France attempted to limit the U.S.'s western boundary to the Appalachians, and England, hoping to anger France, magnanimously ceded to the U.S. the half-continent bounded by the Great Lakes, the Mississippi, and the Spanish and French settlements in the South. As Author Van Every justly points out, it was the incredible tenacity of the frontiersmen that made England's land cession—which was to lead to the coast-to-coast growth of the U.S.—a political and military necessity. The settlers had come to stay.

Ravenous for Personalities

A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY (116 pp.)—*John Gunther*—Harper & Row (\$3.50).

Never again can history be the privileged property of historians. It has been invaded in force by straying journalists who are ready and anxious to assess it long before the scholars. Journalists Mark Sullivan and Frederick Lewis Allen wrote lively and snappy accounts of contemporary history. But of all the journalists who have attempted history none has made more of a name of it than John Gunther, 61, whose seven *Inside* books have been bestsellers around the world. "My grand design," writes Gunther in this brief but entertaining autobiography, "is to do a political guide to the whole known world of today."

As Gunther tells it, he came to this ambition because he was miscast as a workaday reporter. A Vienna-based correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*, he preferred writing features ("I was ravenously interested in human beings") to spot news. "I have scarcely ever had a scoop in my life," he writes, "and it seemed to me, then as now, abysmally silly to break a neck by heaving the opposition by a few seconds on a story." Gunther decided that the tumultuous personalities of Europe—Hitler, Kemal Atatürk, Léon Blum—deserved a full-length book. He did some legwork in Europe, grilled correspondents, composed and sent out a questionnaire he has used ever since ("What is the subject's attitude toward religion, sex, money? His pet hates, pet loves? His danger of assassination?") When the answers were in, Gunther wrote *Inside Europe*



JOSEPH BRANT



GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

A bitterness beyond the bounds of sanity.

(the first book was the well-received *Forth to the Wilderness*), "the war struck as a succession of violent but passing storms." Boston and Philadelphia were occupied for only nine months each. The campaigns in the South were savage, but did not begin until 1780. And from the Battle of Monmouth (June 1778) till the beginning of the siege of Yorktown (September 1781), Washington's main army was obliged to fight no major battles.

The exception to this pattern of long calm and fitful bloodshed was the war on the western frontier, which began in 1776. From then until more than a decade after Cornwallis' surrender, not a day passed when any settler in western New York, the valley of Virginia or the wilderness drained by the Ohio could count himself safe. His enemies were not merely the British, fighting at first to put down rebellion and later to hold the Great Lakes fur trade, but also the Indians, fighting for vengeance and survival.

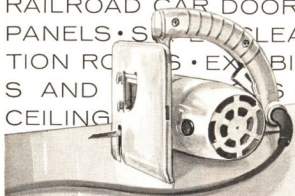
Blood & Starvation. In 1775, a year of lull before the years of Indian raids and counterraid began again, the average settler (perhaps, like Daniel Boone, a "long hunter" turned family man) lived in "a

homestead burn. If there was no alarm—the usual case—he would almost certainly be butchered or held captive for the squaws to torture. Occasionally a captive would be ransomed or adopted, but young children were never spared; they were too weak to stand a long march to an Indian village, and were customarily brained against trees. Both sides took scalps as a matter of course, but on the whole the Indians behaved with more honor. They sometimes broke treaties, but did not as a rule murder ambassadors; a safe-conduct given by the frontiersmen, on the other hand, was almost worthless.

As the years of starved winters and bloody springs wore on, each of the living had his dead. Bitterness between frontiersman and Indian, and between patriot and Tory, passed the bounds of sanity. West of the mountains, there was general approval when a frontiersman who had been living with the Indians murdered his Cherokee wife and children to get the bounty payment for their scalps.

Polished Indian. Among the dozens of astonishing men who give shape to the recital of dates and places, two giants stand out. Virginian George Rogers Clark

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in seven months. Published in 1936, it became an immediate bestseller in England and in the U.S., won Gunther a place on the death list in Nazi Germany.

Terrified by the U.S.A. Encouraged by *Inside Europe's* success, Gunther tackled Asia next—even though he had never been there. He spent ten months touring most of Asia, living off the proceeds from magazine articles he wrote along the way. When *Inside Asia* appeared in 1939, Japanese censors meticulously snipped offending passages out of every copy sold in Japan, and a self-appointed Chinese publisher pirated the book by photographing the American edition, then distributing copies in China.

Gunther considers *Inside Asia* the best of his *Insides*; *Inside U. S. A.* presented the most problems. "The United States," Gunther writes, "lay like a cobra before me, seductive, terrifying and immense." Gunther managed to examine every city with a population greater than 200,000, but some were more receptive than others. Though he was invited in Texas to address a joint session of the legislature, in Tennessee Senator Kenneth McKellar threw him out of his office. Gunther found Americans more eager to be interviewed than other peoples, but he also found them more politically naive. *Inside U. S. A.* was perhaps the least successful of his books.

To write *Inside Africa*, Gunther traveled 40,000 miles with cataracts that were dimming both eyes, shrewdly noted the strength of African nationalism before most other observers. *Inside Russia*, published in 1938, was less observant, mainly because of Russian secretiveness. Gunther was always under escort when touring Russia, never got to talk to a Russian alone. But the Russians (who later banned the book) rose to Gunther's challenge to show him "a first-rate lunatic asylum, the academy where you train artists in Socialist realism, and a musician."

Agony after Writing. In his autobiography, Gunther squarely faces the charge most often leveled at him—that his books, with the one exception of *Inside Africa*, are superficial. "The scholar-specialist," he writes, "who spends 15 years at work on a single village in Peru is much more superficial if you think in terms of the large. My kind of book would never be done at all if I allowed myself unlimited time." Gunther's aim has been to bridge news and history, even though both lose something when lumped together; history becomes too episodic and news loses its freshness. Thus Gunther goes through agonies after writing each book in the fear that new events might put it out of date even before publication. He also must keep revising some of his books. But Gunther has a good journalist's fine eye for the vivid detail, and even an outdated Gunther *Inside* can still serve as a good introduction to a country or a continent. Gunther would be the last to claim too much for his work. "It is my curse, or my blessing," he writes, "that I have never been able to take myself altogether seriously as a writer."

The Sound of the Seashell

IMAGES OF TRUTH (310 pp.)—Glenway Wescott—Harper & Row (\$6).

Like the pre-*Ship of Fools* Katherine Anne Porter, Novelist Glenway Wescott is a somewhat melancholy yet tantalizing literary figure. His novels—including *The Grandmothers* (1927) and *The Pilgrim Hawk* (1940)—earned him a special reputation as a prose craftsman and subtle prober of the wheels and springs of emotion that turn the clock of character. But he has produced little fiction (only five volumes since 1924) and, though he has



GLENWAY WESCOTT
Assimilating sheep.

started some projects, has published nothing for the past 17 years. Through all that time, a faithful coterie of Wescott admirers has continued to hope not only for a new book but for the kind of large complex novel they believe he has the ability to do.

Images of Truth is not their long-awaited work of fiction, but it is an eloquent, at times fascinating, celebration of the arts of fiction writing. Wescott, while offering appreciations and portraits of six important modern writers, indirectly produces a memorable insight into how his own complex fiction-writer's mind savors the world. "Nothing is more original, nothing truer to oneself," he quotes Paul Valéry, "than to feed on others' minds. Only be sure you digest them. The lion consists of assimilated sheep."

Magical Power. At first glance, the six objects of Wescott's literary affection—Katherine Anne Porter, Somerset Maugham, Colette, Isak Dinesen, Thomas Mann and Thornton Wilder—seem to have little in common. But all illustrate Wescott's passionate belief in the magical power of a story to hold those brooding truths about human behavior that cannot be abstracted as philosophy or illuminated

in the swift lightning of poetic metaphor.

With that belief established, Wescott lavishes high praise on the storytelling insights of Somerset Maugham and cheerfully states that Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain* would be improved by pruning 300 pages of extraneous erudition out of it. Wescott's main critical contribution, however, is his experienced literary sightseer's infectious enthusiasm. "Let me not bully you about this novel that I love," he says engagingly of *Christmas Holiday*, a little-known book of Maugham's that he thinks is the best novel ever written about Europe just before World War II. His account of his old friend Katherine Anne Porter is touched with a fondness amounting to love.

Silence Will Speak. Wescott describes the late Baroness Blixen-Finecke, better known as Isak Dinesen (*Out of Africa*, *Seven Gothic Tales*), as she seemed when she visited New York four years ago—already at death's door, already moth-frail like "a fever-wasted child; but her eyes as lively as the diamonds in her ears. She really did no more than haunt the dinner table." No writer could ask for a better epitaph than Wescott's use of a line from one of her own characters: "Where the storyteller is loyal, eternally and unwaveringly loyal to the story, there, in the end, silence will speak."

There is no clue in *Images of Truth* as to whether or not, after his own long silence, Wescott will speak as storyteller again. In the end he is left waiting, perhaps for some miraculous intervention when—in the words of Thomas Mann, which Wescott wistfully quotes—"some new work can begin to struggle into being, giving out light and sound, ringing and shimmering, hinting at its infinite origin, as in a seashell we hear the sighing of the sea."

Fine Fever

It's A BATTLEFIELD (214 pp.)—Graham Greene—Viking (\$3.95).

Part of Graham Greene is genius and part sheer fudge, but which part is which and in what proportion? After following Greene through a dozen books from the London Embankment to the banks of the Congo (with scene-setting rainwater running down the back of his neck all the while), the reader sees at last that more than half of Greene's attraction lies in this uncertainty. The republication of this 1934 novel (Greene's fifth), never widely read in the U.S. or in Great Britain, is a fresh and welcome opportunity to test-taste the mixture.

The Vice of Virtue. The date of original publication might just as well have been 1934 B.C., since at the book's appearance Greene's present obsession with God and Guilt was still submerged. The rainwater in this novel is the gelid London variety; the central occurrence, around which hints of dark guilt flutter and settle like ravens, is the murder of a policeman. The murderer, a simple, solid workman named Jim Drover, has been sentenced to hang, despite the fact that the policeman

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he killed had been about to club his wife in a scuffle at a leftist rally.

In an introduction that recalls the days when he was jobless and neither fudge nor genius seemed salable, Greene says that the book is about the injustice of man's justice. It is, but Greene was Greene even then—and his real interest was the vice of man's virtue. Everyone works to win a reprieve for Drover, but motives are messy. His wife is honest enough to know that she could recover from her husband's execution but could not stand the 18 years of withering sexual faithfulness that would follow a jail sentence. The condemned man's Communist friends



GRAHAM GREENE (EARLY '30s)
Mixing genius and fudge.

want propaganda more than a reprieve, and his brother, a neurotic little man obsessed by revolvers, loves Jim Drover but covets his wife.

Accidental Justice. Two characters are among the best grotesques in Greene's entire waxworks. Conder is the archetype of the author's army of squalid journalists—a wretch so practiced at sleazy sleight-of-mind that, although he is a bachelor, he tells everyone that he has a wife and six sickly children. The other is the unnamed Assistant Commissioner, an old jungle hand stiff with integrity and old wounds and hated by his underlings at Scotland Yard. He is a magnificent Greene hero who pursues criminals with stolid skill, shutting away the unhappy knowledge that his quarries receive justice only accidentally.

Here is the Assistant Commissioner in action, as his men close in on a murderer: "A line of heavy men in soft hats walking cumbrously on tip-toe; only the Assistant Commissioner at the tail of the procession walked with natural lightness, all the useless flesh burned away by fever." In that ridiculous and wonderful fever, Greene's genius and fudge blend inextricably—each necessary, both unmatched.

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